

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2710.—VOL. XCVIII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.

Bishop of Wakefield.

Bishop of Manchester.

Bishop of Newcastle.

Bishop of Derry.



Dean of York.

Archbishop of York.

INSTALLATION OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK IN YORK MINSTER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A Scotch professor has discovered what killed Sir Walter Scott. His conclusion is a little different from that arrived at by the conductors of the post-mortem examination; but he has had more time to think about it, and is perhaps right. His view is that his life was cut short because he "worked" (like beer, as Hood expressed it) on a Sunday. "Correcting of proofs" was, it appears, "a usual occupation with him on the day of rest." Of course, if a writer works too hard on weekdays, it stands to reason that he ought to rest his brain on Sundays; but otherwise, and if he is not a Sabbatarian, which Sir Walter certainly was not, what harm is there in his working, much less in his correcting proof-sheets, which is comparatively child's play? There are, it is true, some men—much to be envied—who can spend a whole Sabbath day in worship and religious reading; but their natures are exceptional. There are more men who, being incapable, yet attempt it, with a result deplorable as regards themselves, and extremely disagreeable to their fellow-creatures. It needs also to be remembered that to the great majority of mankind a day of rest means a day of idleness, and it is only a few persons who can be idle without getting into mischief. The hardest day for the police magistrates is notoriously a Monday. Sir Walter Scott was a God-fearing man, and had he thought it sinful to correct proof-sheets on a Sunday, would certainly not have done it. If there had been nothing else to shorten his existence, he would have been alive at this moment. The other count the Scotch professor brings against him, that he sometimes took a glass of whisky, is more reasonable; but surely even here there is an error, and a libel against the wine of his country. Though Sir Walter was a patriot, he was not particularly partial to that liquor, and, in an age of hard drinking, was conspicuous for moderation. His occasional weakness—if my recollection of Lockhart's "Life" is not at fault—was for champagne, a much more pardonable infirmity. I know almost as eminent a personage, eighty years of age, for sixty of which that wine has invariably disagreed with him, and yet, even now—that is, now and then—he cannot resist its temptation. It still makes him ill; but it will be hard upon his memory if somebody, a hundred years hence, writes to say that it shortened his life.

In spite of Lord Beaconsfield's prophecies about secret societies, and of the enormous power attributed to them by sensational novelists, the British public have not, perhaps, very much belief in the far-reaching arms that stretch from the depths of barbarism into the very lap of civilisation. Though "The Moonstone," for example, was received with rapture, it is probable that few of its readers believed in the actual presence of those enterprising Asiatics in the heart of London society. The evidence in a recent India law case has, however, proved the existence of quite as strange a state of affairs. It was an action for libel brought by three wealthy young Jains against the writer of a pamphlet, who stated that while travelling in England they had lost their caste by taking food with Europeans. The Jain community is a very ancient one, starting from 9 A.D., and very strict in matters of their law; and it seems to have been worth its while to exercise a supervision over these travellers, including the employment of spies. Wherever they went they were dogged by Jains, or persons in the pay of Jains. Their contention was that they had lived only on vegetable food cooked by themselves, but they were seen at various refreshment-rooms and hotels to partake of forbidden food, and a waiter at a boarding-house in Woburn Place, where they lodged, bore the most damning evidence against them as respects their eating of eggs. The pamphleteer is pronounced justified in publishing facts in which he had so absorbing an interest, and the travelled Jains are outcasts from their creed. One pities them, and hopes they will get over it; but one's sympathy centres in that Woburn Place waiter. Conceive his astonishment at having been subpoenaed to Moorshedabad to give evidence against these poor young gentlemen for having had eggs for breakfast, and probably not very fresh eggs! It will give him something to talk about, as he "serves the hot and hot," for the remainder of his days.

If the reader were taken up on a charge of "embracery," he would probably keep a discreet silence: he would reserve his defence till he understood the nature of the accusation. He would not know what was exactly the matter, but, upon the whole, his apprehensions would probably take the direction of the Divorce Court. In that matter, however, he would be in error: the charge is really one of corrupting a jury. It is a very rare offence, yet, from what appears from a recent case, where a gentleman got fined £100 for it, very easy to commit. You have only to get a juror into a public-house, treat him to a glass of ale, and remark that the prisoner whose conduct is under his consideration "is a good fellow, though he may have overstepped the mark a little." The influence of a jury by flattery or other arts is in a learned counsel only cajolery; but in a layman it is "embracery"—a much more advanced stage of ingratiating.

One of the reasons why science is so popular with us is the trouble its professors take to make their interesting statements intelligible. In some cases they seem to go out of their way to bring the character of a new invention home to the humblest capacity. A recent account of the London and Paris telephone, intended for the public instruction, is a charming example of this method. "The electro-static capacity of the overhead wires is 105 microfarads per mile, and that of the cable is 23 microfarads per mile. . . . The total electrical resistance (R) between London and Paris is 619 ohms, and the total electro-static capacity (K) is 9765 microfarads. Under such conditions," adds this amazing writer, "speech with Paris should be good." "And that is how it's done," says a

conjurer, after an elaborate and perfectly unintelligible account of one of his most attractive tricks; but the conjurer does not want to explain matters, while this man of science (who is no conjurer) really does. The question arises, Is it possible that a person who can thus express himself under the pretence of explanation should know what he is writing about himself?

We have writers who possess humour, and writers who possess fancy, and we have also Mr. Anstey, who possesses both. In his last brochure, "Tourmalin's Time Cheques," he has outdone himself in originality of conception. For once, those enterprising and ingenious persons whose contributions to the gaiety of nations seem to consist in charging any writer who amuses us with plagiarism have hesitated to make the accusation against Tourmalin. Notwithstanding that time is money, no one has hitherto thought of keeping a deposit account of that nature at his bankers'. The idea arose from the fact that in returning from Australia to England we make a clear gain of several hours, which we should not have had if we had stayed at home. This is literally "spare time." What are we to do with our spare time? is a question often asked, and to it Mr. Anstey cheerfully replies, "Bank it." When you want it you draw it out by cheque, and, as some banks object to pay drafts under a pound, so Messrs. Peter Perkins and Co. declined to issue time cheques under a quarter of an hour. It is not everyone who has the advantage of returning home from Australia, but how pleasant it would be if those "bad quarters of an hour" which occur to all of us, and the nature of which we know beforehand, could be paid into our deposit in advance, and then exchanged for a proportional amount of "good time"; if the cheque, in short, were a sort of palimpsest on which one could inscribe an altogether different kind of "value received" from that for which it was originally intended! How much more agreeably, for example, might that interval be spent, during which we wait in the doctor's anteroom, surrounded by persons to whom a fellow-feeling by no means makes us kind, and whom we more than suspect of having given the butler half a crown for the unfair privilege of being "shown in" first (whereas we ourselves, perhaps, have only given him a shilling); or the period before that interview with another sort of doctor—the head master and his cane—against which we have so insufficiently provided ourselves with cardboard and duplicate clothing; or that quarter of an hour in which Edwin throws his heart (so to speak) at Angelina's head (having nothing else to offer her), and knows all the time that she is much too intelligent to say "Yes" to him—how agreeably, I say, could these superfluous intervals be eliminated from our lives, and something nice—the invitation to Windsor Castle, the acceptance of our epic by a British publisher, or a letter full of remorse (and back payments) from an American pirate—be substituted in their place!

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Light that Failed" has been turned up again, and started with a new supply of oil—if oil it can be called when things are made to run so far from smoothly. It appears that the editor of the magazine in which the story first appeared had a feeling heart, and protested against the hard measure dealt to its *dramatis personæ*, but the author has now republished his work, and spares neither sex nor age. I am sorry that a writer of such exceeding promise should thus deliberately throw in his lot with those who love "to melt the waxen hearts of men." The sect, however, is growing. I read a very clever story in manuscript the other day of which it became necessary for me to write, "There is not one gleam of cheerfulness in it from the first page to the last." The author wrote back, "You surprise me: I thought there was considerable humour in the scene when the hero"—a special correspondent—"is being starved to death." It is quite a novelty to treat special correspondents in novels in a humorous way: they are much too great people to have liberties of that kind taken with them. Their position (in fiction) has become something like that of the heroes of the Guy Livingstone school. They are centaurs, and even when half a dozen horses have been shot under them there is not a word about the unwillingness of the newspaper proprietor at home to provide another: their moustaches are tawny, their eyes have the glitter of steel, and, as a rule, they give up their beloved object to some worthy rival, and seek a soldier's death in the arms of victory, which they have no sort of business to do, and is directly contrary to the written agreement they have entered into with their employers. Still, the special correspondent is a character to be welcomed in fiction, where the sentimental guardsman and the painter "in love only with his art" are pretty well played out.

Considering that the mania of "collecting" has brought every stamp that ever was made into the market, it is most curious how impossible people find it, when abroad, to enclose stamps to defray the return postage of a book or a manuscript. "You will easily understand," they write, "how utterly out of the question it is to procure English stamps here," &c. It may be difficult to procure them, but it would be very easy to have taken some with them for the very purpose when they left England. Nay, since a couple of dozen would weigh little more than a five-pound note, they might even send for some, but this it never strikes them to do. Another peculiarity of English people who live abroad, and require things sent back to them through the post, is that they have apparently no friends in England. They always "venture to trouble" this or that person, whom they know hardly by name, to arrange these little matters for them. They have no London address to where the manuscript, or whatever it is, can be "shot," as it were, and so got rid of. Whether before they went to live abroad they have worn out the patience of their friends, and know it is no use applying to them any more, or have committed serious crimes and wish to cut themselves completely off from their old lives, I do not know; but so it is.

To the devices of the autograph-hunter there is no end. The methods of securing wild beasts used by the most intelligent savages—the baits, the imitative love-cries, the pitfalls—sink into insignificance when compared with the dodges of the professional collector. He is acquainted with every weakness that belongs to the literary character. "For years," he writes, "you have been my idol." . . . "In our humble home your works are a household word." . . . "Of all your charming characters, I think Eleonora your noblest; if you could transcribe a sentiment or two of hers in addition to your honoured signature, it would leave me your debtor indeed." This engaging scoundrel sells every autograph he gets at prices from ten cents upwards, and it is only the rising author who doesn't know it: the old ones are well acquainted with his arts, and are not to be caught with chaff. He has therefore been compelled to try other sorts of ground-bait. This is the last kind. "To ask for your autograph, you may say, is a liberty: what then will you think of me, when, in addition to doing so, I beg you will send me word with it what sort of birthday present will be most acceptable to you! The First of April" (or whatever the real date of your nativity may be, for he has got that pat enough) "has always been a festal day in our home." This mixture of falsehood with pretence of literary taste, of fraud with fulsomeness, with a birthday present added, can hardly be surpassed. There is no danger of abusing the generosity of this writer; ask him for what you like: it will be exactly the same to him, whether you mention a box of vestas or a grand piano.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, the Dowager Lady Churchill, Dr. Reid, Major Bigge, and the Hon. Marie Adeane, left Windsor Castle on the morning of March 23 for the South of France. The weather was cold, and snow fell steadily while the preparations were being made at the castle and the South-Western Station for the departure. A detachment of the Scots Guards was mounted upon the hill, near Henry the Eighth's Gate. The special train proceeded over the South-Western Railway to Portsmouth Dockyard, the South-Western Jetty, near which the Victoria and Albert yacht was moored, being reached at noon. Here the royal party were joined by Prince Henry of Battenberg. The embarkation was conducted with the smallest amount of ceremony, as it was known that her Majesty's journey was of a semi-private character.

After the usual receptions the Queen was assisted on board the Victoria and Albert by one of her Scotch gillies. Her Majesty remained on deck for a short time in conversation with the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry, and afterwards joined Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Connaught in the State saloon, from which she did not again emerge. In the meantime the baggage was got on board, but after this had been accomplished the yacht still remained at her moorings, and it was evident that some special cause of delay had occurred. At half past twelve, fully a quarter of an hour after the time fixed for the yacht to leave, the gangway was dragged ashore, and a start was made. At this moment a cab drove furiously on to the jetty, and a Queen's messenger with despatches stepped out. He was just too late to get on board the Victoria and Albert, but his mail bags were thrown on the deck, and he was himself taken on by the Irene.

The royal yacht arrived off Cherbourg in the evening, but her Majesty passed the night on board. The Queen travelled the thirty hours' journey from Cherbourg to Grasse in a special train, and on her arrival at her destination was met by a picturesque profusion of flags and bunting and triumphal arches from the railway station to the Grand Hotel.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has arrived at Grasse upon a visit to Baroness Alice de Rothschild, whose villa adjoins the Grand Hotel. She will remain the guest of the Baroness during the Queen's stay.

The Empress Frederick and Princess Margaret, who arrived at Buckingham Palace from Windsor on March 23, are to pass Easter at Sandringham, and, according to present arrangements, they will leave England on April 2.

At the annual dinner of "Devonians in London," held at the Criterion on March 21, Lord Clinton, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, presided, and among those taking part in the proceedings were Viscount Sidmouth, Mr. Justice Kekewich, Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., and Mr. Pitt-Lewis, M.P.

Presiding at the annual meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, in presence of a large and distinguished assembly, in Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, the Marquis of Hartington pointed out the immense benefits the society conferred upon a maritime nation like ours, mentioning, as a matter of congratulation, that during the sixty years of its existence it had been the means of saving 35,000 lives.

At St. Paul's Cathedral, on March 21, the Bishop of London, assisted by the Bishop of Marlborough, performed the unique ceremony of admitting to the office of "Reader in the Church" twelve well-known laymen of the diocese, including Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode. The ceremony took place at the close of afternoon service. It is intended that the office of reader shall be permanent, like holy orders, and that laymen thus admitted may preach in consecrated buildings, although they may not marry, baptise, bury, or administer the sacrament.

The polling at Aston Manor, on March 20, resulted in the return of Captain Grice Hutchinson, Conservative, by a majority of 2978 over Mr. Phipson Beale, Liberal, the Unionist majority at the last election having been only 782.

The University Boat-Race proved, like last year's contest, a brilliant struggle, instead of the tame finish anticipated. Last year Oxford displayed unexpected strength and fine form; this year, Cambridge, though unable to turn the tables on the Dark Blue boat, all but won a magnificently contested race. Oxford had a slight lead, which they lost before the boats had reached Hammersmith Bridge, and for the remainder of the race it was one of the evenest contests of strength and skill that ever were seen on the Thames. Had it not been for the steadiness of the Oxford stroke, and for the strength and pluck of oarsmen like Lord Amphil, the Nickalls, and Fletcher, and also for the shelter which the choice of station had given them, Oxford would probably have been beaten. As it was, their boat wanted life, and their rowing was distinctly less brilliant than that of Cambridge, though it proved to be a thought more powerful. Finally Oxford won by a bare half-length; the two boats having never been clear of each other at any time during the whole race.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Just before a recess the House is always rather lifeless, but words cannot do justice to the dulness which has settled down upon this Session. How oppressive this is you may judge from my confession that, seeing Mr. Jacoby standing at the Bar the other evening, I had a wild yearning to behold him grinding an organ, while an accompanying monkey disported itself on the empty benches. It would have been quite irregular for that animal to rise from the seat usually occupied by Mr. Parnell and move for a new writ for the city of Cork, but such an incident would have been an agreeable diversion. Instead of that, we had Mr. Raikes on the sublime superiority of the Post Office to every conceivable form of private enterprise. Mr. Raikes reminds me strongly of the late Mr. Ayrton, who was Commissioner of Works in Mr. Gladstone's first Government. By degrees the House grew to regard Mr. Ayrton with intense aversion. He was a perfectly well-meaning and very energetic official, but, even when he was right, nobody would believe it, and when he was wrong the entire universe seemed to thirst for his blood. Mr. Raikes is rapidly acquiring this unpleasant distinction. It is not his personal fault if the Post Office gets upon the public nerves and the very air tingles with indignant protest; but he is the official mouthpiece of that department of the State, and he is called to account for its sins. Honourable members are particularly sensitive to any limitation of their facilities for sending messengers in all directions. A member of Parliament may at any moment need a policeman, a cab, or a fire-engine. He may want to send a letter on the wings of the wind, and, failing those means of transport, he must have the swiftest mortal at the shortest notice. He touches an electric bell, and, lo! a juvenile minion in uniform answers like an imp in a fairy tale, and is dispatched to the uttermost ends of London on business which brooks no delay. But the Post Office says this is illegal. The member of Parliament must wait till somebody can be found to carry his message and put the money into the Post Office exchequer. The world must stand still till Mr. Raikes and his satellites deign to move. So the Postmaster-General, bland and smiling, intimates to a chafing assembly that the public exist for the Post Office, and not the Post Office for the public. The citizen who sends a cabman with a letter robs the State. He may send a commissionaire, because the commissionaire is an object of charity. But to fee a cabman instead of the Post Office! Mr. Raikes blushes for the unpatriotic M.P. who can stoop to such an iniquity.

The great and blessed purpose of a public department, you understand, is to raise revenue. I know this official habit of extracting money from the taxpayer. I have watched with cynical amusement the efforts of generations of legislators to retrench the national expenditure and save the country from being bled for its own good. Ghosts of departed economists haunt the House, and still try to catch the Speaker's eye. They are for ever mute, but I know what they want to say. They listen with touching eagerness while some live successor strives to enlighten the departments on the revenue question, and when he fails they mournfully shake their heads and fade away. I wonder whether Mr. Raikes, when he becomes a ghost, will revisit the Treasury Bench, and cheer inaudibly when some other Postmaster-General declines to budge from the State monopoly even for the convenience of honourable members who crave for contraband cabmen and illicit fire-engines.

But if the departments demand the public money with the pertinacity of highwaymen, they spend it munificently on some ornaments of the public service. There are the Ambassadors, for instance, and Ministers Plenipotentiary, who receive their eight or ten thousand a year. Mr. Labouchere has been in the Diplomatic Service, and he knows the whole natural history of the youth who begins as an attaché and ends as the chief of a British embassy with a luxurious salary. "What is the good of him?" asks Mr. Labouchere, addressing Sir James Fergusson and Sir John Pope Hennessy alternately. Sir James sits with his papers on his knee, and affects indifference. Sir John is deep in the pages of some volume, and pretends not to hear. You cannot expect Sir James and Sir John, sons of the official Zebedee who craves always for high honours, to decry the utility of representatives of her Majesty in foreign parts. But Mr. Labouchere pursues the theme with unabated zest. Why are these large salaries paid to Ambassadors? It is said to be for the purpose of enabling them to entertain their countrymen abroad. "These gentlemen are certainly asked to dinner now and then," says Mr. Labouchere, "and some sort of coloured water goes round, and perhaps ices," and again he turns to Sir John, as if he were describing some official banquet given by that distinguished man, who has the aspect of a frigid vegetarian. But, really, Mr. Labouchere is very much in earnest. He is speaking the accumulated convictions of years. He would do away with Ambassadors, and supply their places with plain "business men," who would take their instructions by telegraph, and occasionally interview a foreign Sovereign, when it was absolutely necessary, and all for half the money that is expended now. At this Mr. Swift MacNeill smiles a smile of conscious competence. He is a plain business man. He would represent the country at Berlin or St. Petersburg without the least ostentation, and the "coloured water" would not go round too freely. But even this fascinating prospect does not beguile Sir James from the traditions of the Foreign Office. He will not give up the Ambassadors even for the sake of Mr. Swift MacNeill. Nor is he impressed by the revolutionary assertion of a Conservative member that the Diplomatic Service is "a home of rest for decayed politicians." Had the House been full when this sentiment was uttered, what rousing cheers would have risen below the Opposition gangway! That Conservative member would have blushed to find himself famous. But the sixteen gentlemen who hear his declaration receive it in bored silence, and, if he is conscious of having produced any effect, it is only the cold displeasure of those twin brethren of red tape—Sir John and Sir James.

So the House subsides with a yawn into the Easter vacation, and as the Serjeant-at-Arms carries me away for a fortnight's repose I am shocked and grieved to hear him muttering, "Dash my sword, if this life with a Bauble is worth living!" I know he was driven to this by the despair of dulness, but I don't think I shall ever forgive him.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ENTHRONEMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

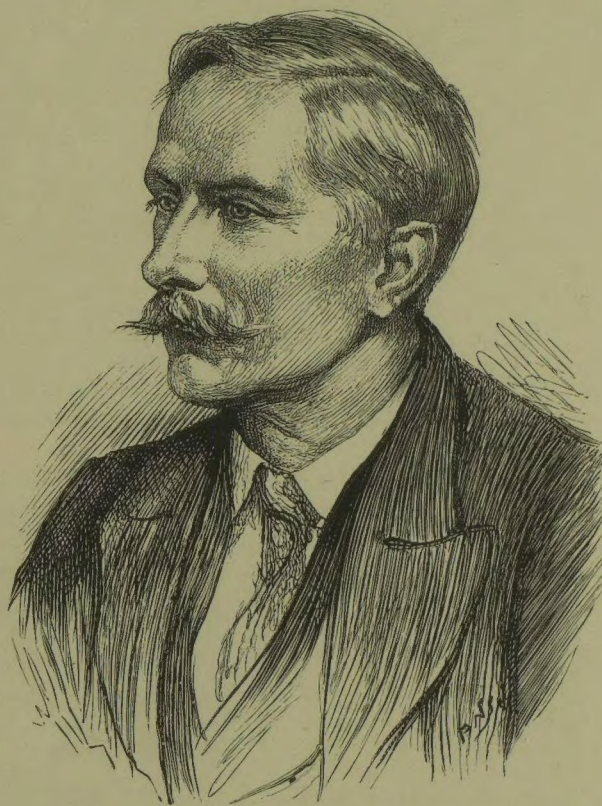
The ceremony of enthroning the Most Rev. Dr. William Connor Magee, until recently Bishop of Peterborough, as Lord Archbishop of York, was performed at York Minster on Tuesday, March 17, in the presence of a very large congregation, among whom were the Duke of Clarence and five hundred clergy. His Grace, in the morning, administered the Holy Communion, and the Bishop of Derry preached a sermon.

The afternoon proceedings began with a procession to the Chapter House, where the mandate of confirmation was read to the assembled Chapter by the Registrar, Mr. H. A. Hudson. The Chapter then returned to the nave, and received the Archbishop, who was accompanied by the Bishops of Newcastle, Wakefield, Manchester, and Derry, at the west entrance. Here his Grace made his petition for installation, after which he was conducted into the choir, where he took his seat inside the sacristy, and, having repeated his petition, took the customary oath. The Dean of York formally installed him in the chair, and subsequently the ceremony of enthronement was performed by the Dean and Chapter. The service, which was fully choral, was brought to a close by the pronouncing of the blessing by the Archbishop.

His Grace afterwards received an address of welcome from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors of York, and an address of congratulation from the Mayor and Corporation of Peterborough.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES WIRGMAN.

We regret to hear of the death, in the distant seaport town of Yokohama, Japan, among the English residents there, of an old correspondent of ours, a very clever artist, whose sketches appeared in this Journal. Mr. Charles Wirgman, in 1857, went to China for the *Illustrated London News*, upon the occasion of the war with England provoked by the *lorcha Arrow* case,



THE LATE MR. CHARLES WIRGMAN, ARTIST,
OF YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

was present at the storming of Canton, sojourned in Hong Kong, made an excursion to Manila, and accompanied in 1860 the joint British and French military expedition to Peking. He came home, but soon went out to Japan, associated with Signor Beato, the photographer, and was there in July 1861, sharing the perils of the inmates of the British Legation when a murderous attack was made upon them by "ronins" of the Mito faction. He contributed during some years many of our illustrations of Japanese incidents. Among these were the views of the bombardment of Simonoseki by the British naval squadron in 1864. From 1863 to 1886 Mr. Wirgman conducted a popular comic monthly magazine, the *Japan Punch*, which was greeted with much favour in all the European settlements of the Far East. He travelled, in 1868, with Mr. Ernest Satow through the country then disturbed by a civil war previous to the Mikado's recovery of imperial power. No one had a more intimate acquaintance with Japanese life and character, or a fuller personal remembrance of the changes in that country during the past thirty years. On Feb. 8, after suffering three years from a malady which affected his mental faculties, Mr. Wirgman died. He was born in London on August 31, 1832.

The Portrait is copied from one drawn by his brother, Mr. T. Blake Wirgman, of London.

TELEPHONE-SPEAKING, LONDON TO PARIS.

The completion of the Anglo-French Telephone across the Channel was first practically exemplified, in an informal communication, on Sunday evening, March 15, when the submarine line was spoken through from the cable hut at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, all the way to Paris. M. Amiot, the Inspector-General of French Telegraphs, was the first person to speak. Lieutenant O'Meara, R.E., followed, and was the first Englishman to speak across the Channel. On the following Tuesday, M. Amiot, who had proceeded to London, thence addressed his colleagues in Paris. The Gower-Bell apparatus was that employed. Professor Hughes, the discoverer of the microphone, Mr. Graves, Mr. Preece, and others afterwards spoke through the line. On Wednesday, March 18, the establishment of telephonic communication between London and Paris was officially inaugurated. The first message transmitted was one from the Prince of Wales to M. Carnot, President of the French Republic. An exchange of congratulations then passed between Mr. Raikes, Postmaster-General, and M. Jules Roche, Minister of Commerce, Industries, the Colonies and Posts and Telegraphs. They spoke in the French language. At the Paris Central Telegraph-station, Lord Lytton, Madame Roche, M. Reinach, M. Broquisse, and M. de Selves were present with M. Roche. Mr. Raikes spoke

from Room 90 of the Post Office, the instruments being fixed against the wall on a board covered with red cloth, inscribed "Paris-London," and decorated with the Tricolour and Union Jack. The chief transmitters pitted against each other are the Gower-Bell, the Hunnings, the Berliner, the Ader, d'Arsonval, and Roulez. So far, the Post Office form of the Gower-Bell appears to excel the others. The Ader seems to be best of the French apparatus for this work.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP MATCH.

At Kennington Oval, on Saturday, March 21, the Blackburn Rovers of Lancashire, for the fifth time, won the Challenge Cup of the Association, beating the Nottinghamshire County team. The play was beheld by many thousand spectators, beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon. For the Blackburn Rovers, Messrs. W. J. Townley and J. Hall occupied the left wing, Mr. John Southworth the centre, Messrs. J. Walton and J. Lofthouse the right wing, Messrs. Forrest, Dewar, and Barton were half-backs, Messrs. Forbes and Brandon the backs, and Mr. Pennington, goalkeeper. The Notts eleven were Messrs. H. B. Daft, Locker, J. Oswald, M'Innes, A. McGregor, Shelton, Calderhead, H. Osborne, A. Hendry, Ferguson, and J. Thraves. The game was at first well contested, but the superior skill of the Blackburn Rovers was early shown, and they gained the victory by three goals to one. The umpires were Mr. T. Gunning, of London, and Mr. W. H. Hope, of Sheffield; Mr. C. J. Hughes, of Cheshire, acted as referee. Lord Kinnaird presented the cup to the victors.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS STEEPLECHASE.

The annual "point to point" steeplechase, owned and ridden by members of the House of Commons, took place on Saturday, March 21, in the Pytchley Hunt country, attracting a good company of spectators, who met at Daventry. Seven horses were entered in the first class, those carrying twelve-stone weight—namely, Mr. A. E. Pease's Nora Creina, Mr. R. T. Hermon Hodge's Lady Evelyn, two belonging to Mr. Bromley Davenport, which were Dawtrey and Delilah, Sir Savile Crossley's Borderer, Lord Ernest Hamilton's Bridget, and Damon, owned by Mr. Elliott Lees. The entries in the second class, for weights of fourteen stone, were five, being Lord Henry Bentinck's Bugler, Mr. W. H. Long's Crusader, Mr. P. A. Muntz's Landmark, Mr. G. Wyndham's Daffodil, and a black gelding owned by Mr. P. A. Muntz. They made a very good start, and, though several horses fell, none of the riders were hurt. The winner in the first class was Mr. Pease with Nora Creina, next to whom came in Mr. Hermon Hodge with Lady Evelyn. In the heavy-weight class Lord H. Bentinck's Bugler was first, and Mr. Long's Crusader was second at the goal.

TRAVELLING IN SIBERIA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, furnishes additional Sketches of his journey, in December, from Yeniseisk to Krasnoyarsk, travelling in a sledge on the snow-covered high-road. The following is his account of ordinary experiences on arriving at a post-house—

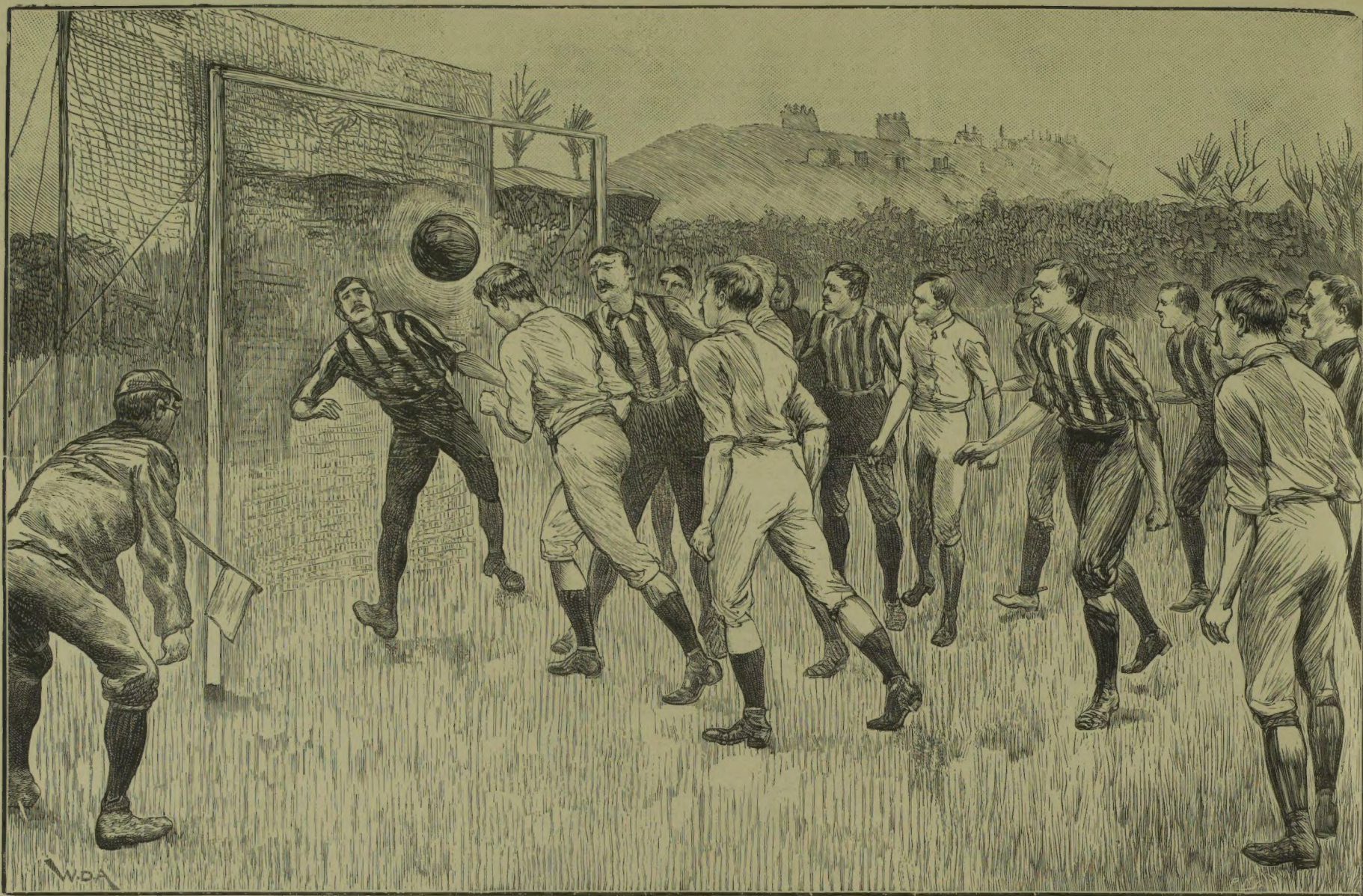
"The post-house is under Government control: the proprietor is paid a certain sum yearly to see to the wants of travellers and to find horses. He is bound to keep the house warm, to provide hot water and what modest fare he can for the hungry and weary wanderers. So far as warmth was concerned, I never had any cause for complaint; for the general idea everywhere seemed to be to make the rooms always as hot as possible, without the slightest attempt at ventilation. The odour of a place thus heated, which has been closed against the outer air all the winter, may be imagined. In many of the houses, after waiting the usual twenty minutes or so, I really felt thankful when I was told, 'Gospodin, lozhadi gotora'—'Sir, the horses are ready.' With regard to food, on this journey, I should have been in a poor predicament had I not taken the precaution to carry a lot of tinned provisions and bouillon fleet with me. I found them absolutely invaluable, the bouillon fleet especially; for black bread, frozen eggs, and the inevitable samovar or teapot were the usual fare in the various post-houses. But, taking it altogether, sledging is not an unpleasant way of travelling, if the roads are in good condition. I had no difficulty whatever with the language, as the few words of Russian I have already picked up helped me through."

MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN INDIA.

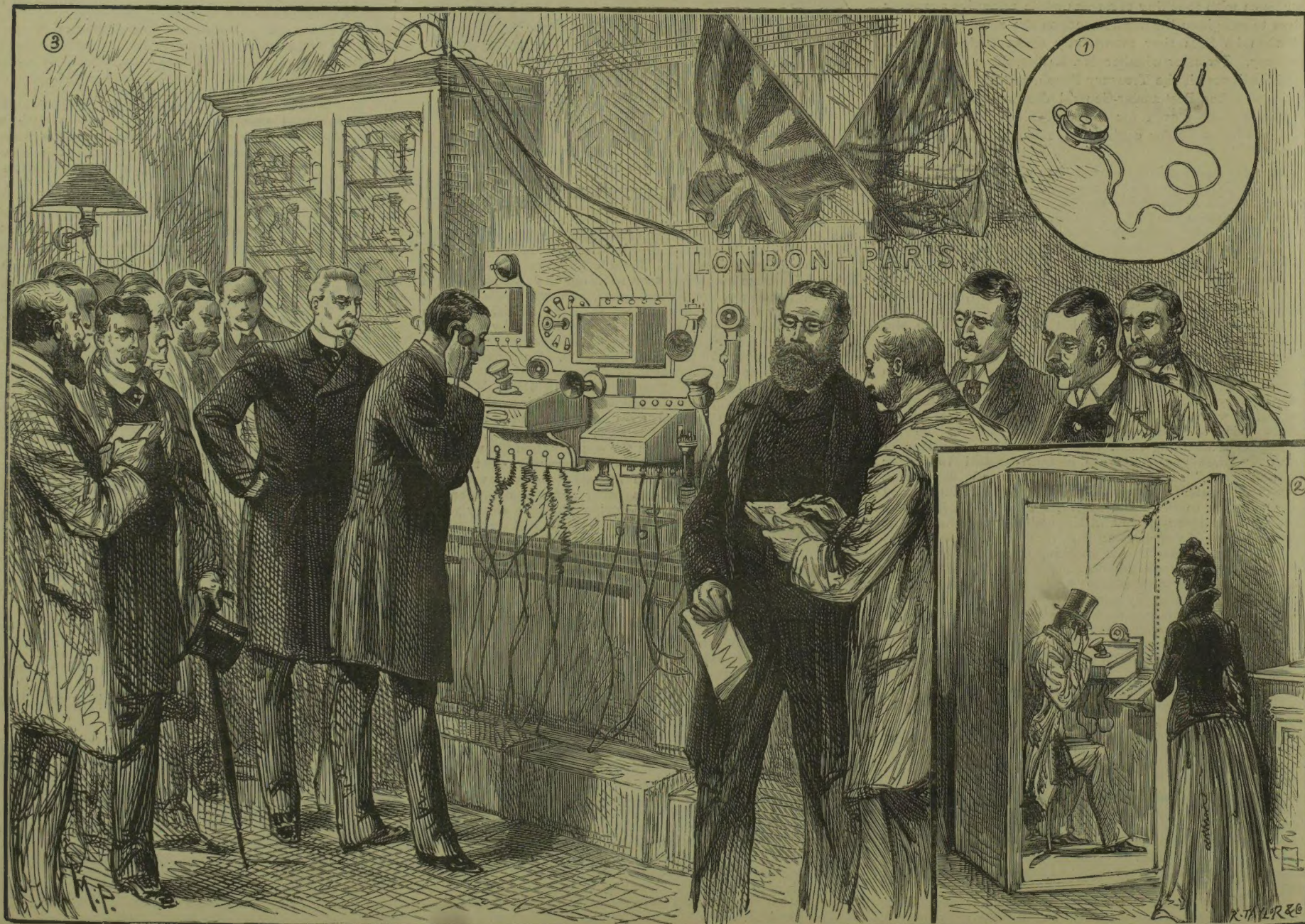
The Bangalore Division, under the able command of Brigadier-General H. M. Bengough, C.B., was during the month of January at the annual camp of exercise, in the vicinity of the historical hill crowned by the fort of Nundydroog, situated about thirty miles north of the cantonments. The division marched out on Jan. 2, and went into camp at Agrahar, about sixteen miles distant, for the first stage of the manœuvres, which consisted principally of brigade exercises of the various arms. In the accompanying Sketches, our correspondent has endeavoured to represent some incidents belonging to the cavalry brigade. On Jan. 5 they were practised in attacking the guns of the Royal Artillery Brigade, which had taken up an apparently impregnable position. The "place d'honneur" was given to the 3rd Madras Light Cavalry, who rode straight on the position, in the usual extended formation used when attacking guns; while the 2nd Mysore Horse, one of the "corps d'élite" of his Highness the Maharajah, made a demonstration on the left. But the task of administering the final "coup de grâce" was left to the 21st Hussars, who, making a long détour to the right under cover of some friendly rising ground, and supported by two guns of the 61st Field Battery, acting for the nonce as Horse Artillery, came up on the gunners' left, and charged right home to the cannon's mouth, compelling the defending gunners to seek the friendly shelter of the gun-carriages. Another Sketch represents one of the captured guns being borne away in triumph by the Hussars, each troop being furnished with a lasso team of six horses with breast collars and traces for the purpose.

MR. VIGNE'S HARRIERS IN EPPING FOREST.

"Here they come!" was the cry from a small crowd of rustics waiting to see the meet of Mr. Vigne's harriers at Ash Green, Epping Forest, within twelve miles of London. It is now the sixtieth season that Mr. Vigne has been out. He is the oldest Master of Harriers in England. Having been himself bred in Epping Forest, he naturally deprecates the changes there; for he has seen hundreds of acres, up to his very garden gate at Woodford, filched from the forest and enclosed. The lands around Snarebrook, where, in his boyhood, he petted the fallow deer, are now a suburb of London. Mr. Vigne's pack consists of bitches, mostly dwarf foxhounds, very powerful, selected from the best kennels in England. For open country they might be thought too fast, but the facilities for the hare getting away in Epping Forest make it needful to adopt a close style of hunting.



FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP MATCH AT KENNINGTON OVAL: BLACKBURN ROVERS v. NOTTS COUNTY.



1. Telephone Wire-testing Machine.

2. Subscribers' (Silent) Box.

3. First Speaking with Paris at the General Post Office.

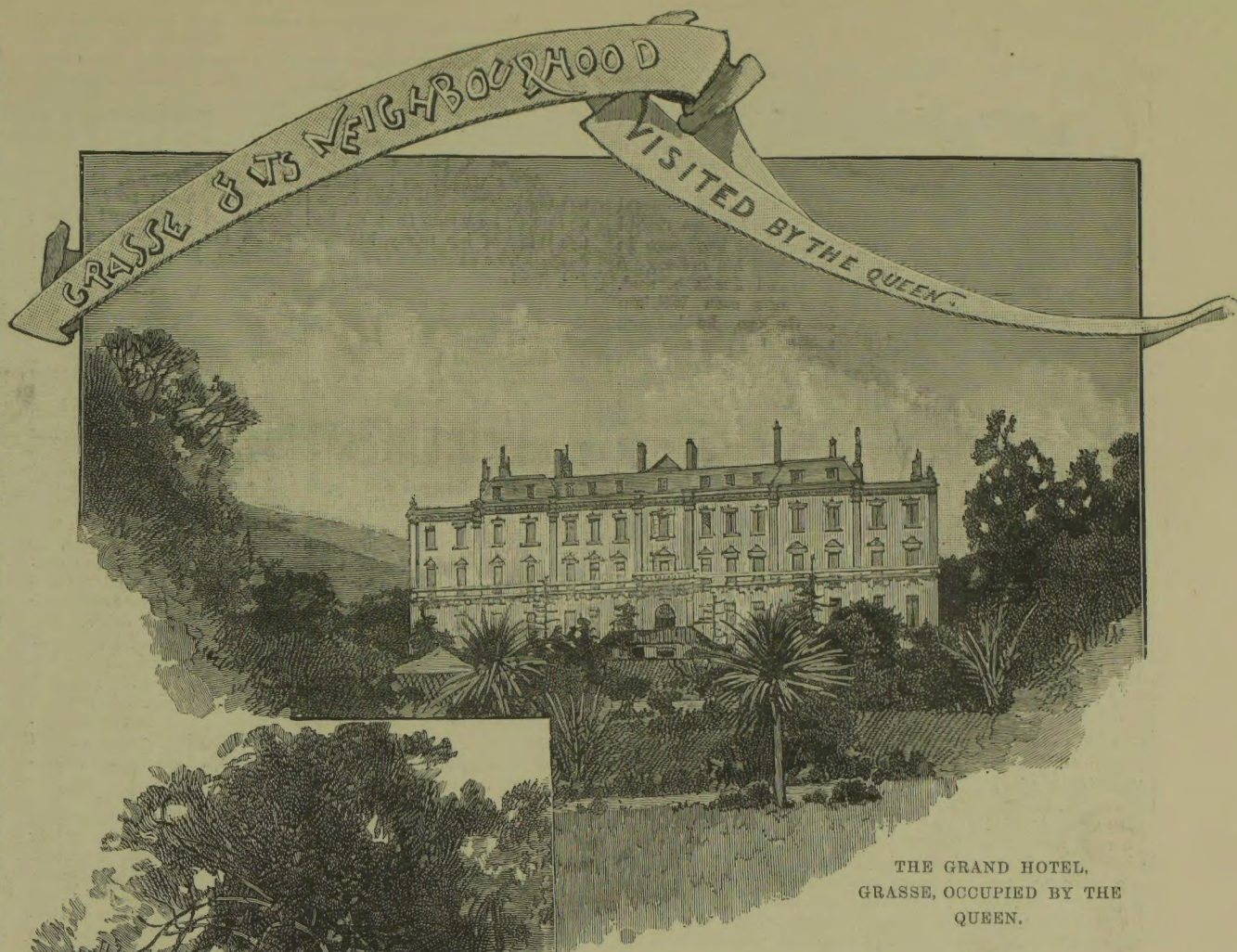
SPEAKING TO PARIS FROM LONDON AT THE COMPLETION OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH TELEPHONE.

GRASSE.

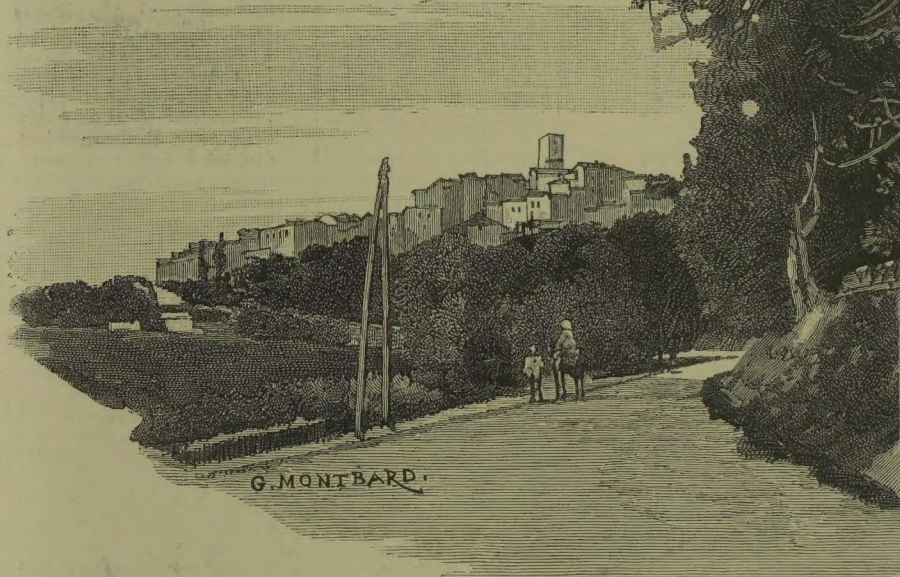
All her Majesty's subjects, and her many foreign friends, must agree in hoping that her residence at Grasse, during one of our cold English spring months, will confirm her good health, and afford her much comfort and pleasure. We consult this sentiment, upon such an occasion, by presenting some Views of the place and its neighbourhood, which may not be familiar, by personal experience, to the majority of English visitors to the Riviera.

The inland town of Grasse, near Cannes, naturally and historically connected with it, and of far more ancient note as a French town, is the place of our Queen's sojourn through the April of this year. It has probably been recommended for its climate, and there is an increasing opinion that many persons are more surely benefited in health by inhaling the air from the sea at a certain distance, and at a moderate elevation, where it becomes dry and pure, than by residing on the actual sea-shore. The Mediterranean, indeed, however beautiful and renowned its coasts, has not the invigorating influence of the Atlantic; its air is not the best sea-air in Europe. We can readily believe that no virtue it may possess will be lost ten miles inland, at a height of 1000 ft., on the southern slope of Mont Rocavignon, which shelters the little town of Grasse by rising 700 ft. higher behind. Grasse openly fronts the sea, overlooking the whole plain southward to Cannes, while the entire region is protected by the Esterelles, to the north-west, and by the Maritime Alps, farther off to the north-east, from all inclement winds. It would be difficult to find a site more congenial to those who want a pure, soft, calm, and bracing air, with unlimited sunshine that does not scorch or broil, and without the dust of the plains. As for the distant prospects, there are snow-covered mountains in sight on the one hand—it is well not to live too close to them in winter—and, on the other hand, lower ranges of diversified outline, climbing pine-forests, cliffs of red and grey porphyry, falling slopes clad with groves of the silvered green olive, and a fruitful plain stretching to the bays and promontories of the coast, with Antibes and the Lérins Isles, St. Marguerite and St. Honorat, jewels on the hem of that azure sea.

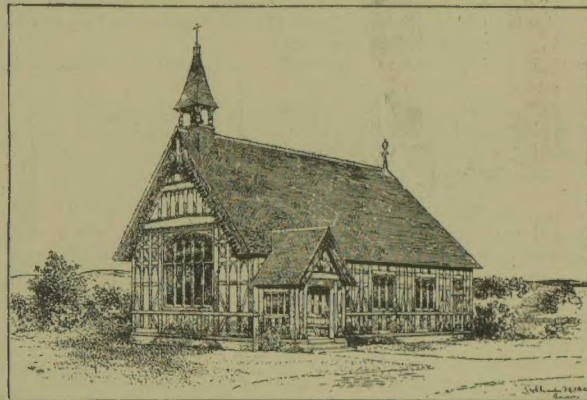
The Bishopric of Grasse fostered the creation of the town, which is said to have been colonised from Sardinia in the sixth century, on the site of an obscure Lignrian tribal village, but



THE GRAND HOTEL,
GRASSE, OCCUPIED BY THE
QUEEN.



LE BAR, GRASSE.

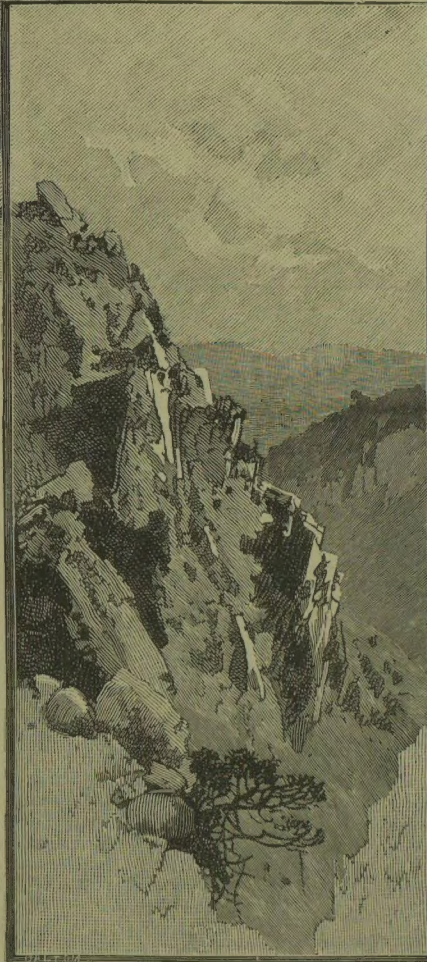


THE ENGLISH CHURCH, GRASSE.

sweet scents and perfumes. The last-mentioned branch of trade, all over Europe, recognises Grasse as its headquarters of production; and it is almost equally important as a source of supply for medicinal essences distilled from a variety of herbs. Thousands of acres of land around Grasse are laid in large gardens of roses, chiefly white, jasmine, heliotrope, tuberose, jonquil, violet, lavender, verbena, and other plants yielding an exquisite fragrance. Their vivid colours, seen in vast masses, are delightful to the eye, while the sense of smell is captivated with enchanting odours, in the season, borne on every breath of wind. It is a luxury to surrender one's passive nature to this enjoyment, accompanied by the murmuring sound of the fountains which adorn and refresh this favoured town. The herb-farms, devoted to the cultivation of lavender, thyme, rosemary, eucalyptus, and various aromatic or resinous shrubs, are said also to have a salubrious effect on the atmosphere. Orange-trees and lemon-trees are largely planted, not for the sake of their fruit, but for their blossoms, which yield the "neroli" used in the making of eau de cologne and of orange-flower water. The cassia, and a species of acacia, are much cultivated for the extraction of perfume from their flowers. Factories in which the distilling of essences and other processes are carried on, with glass-works for the bottles, joiners' shops for the making of packing-cases, and chemical works to utilise the remaining substances, employ a large number of men, women, and children. Grasse is therefore a prosperous town for its ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and its unique commerce brings mercantile agents from the greatest cities of Europe.

The Grand Hôtel de Grasse, which has been rented on behalf of her Majesty Queen Victoria from its proprietor, Mr. Rost, is situated in a charming position overlooking the town. Close to the hotel is the pretty Villa Victoria of Baroness Alice de Rothschild. The building stands high, and is not overlooked, while the grounds are extensive, so that her Majesty will be able to enjoy all the privacy of a villa residence. The frontage is, of course, full south, and the whole building is completely sheltered from the cold winds of the north. Some of the picturesque scenes in the neighbourhood shown in our Illustrations are from photographs by F. Busin.

(To be continued.)



ON THE RIVER SIAGNE.

there are traces of a more ancient military station of Roman Gaul. When the coast was ravaged by Saracen pirates in the Middle Ages, Grasse seems to have escaped. Its Gothic Cathedral, founded in the twelfth century, is not a very fine structure, but solid and massive, with crypts hewn out of the rock. The public library, formerly the Bishop's palace, contains records and other manuscripts brought from the Abbey of Lérins. Adjoining the Hôtel de Ville is a grand square tower, as old as the cathedral, giving some dignity to a view of the town. The small church of St. Sauveur is a very ancient structure of circular form, with flat buttresses, which is not now devoted to ecclesiastical uses. On the public promenade terrace, called the Cours, one may enjoy the fine air and the extensive prospect. At one end of this stands the Villa Rothschild; at the other end is the hospital, with a chapel built in the seventeenth century, which contains three pictures by Rubens, one of the Crucifixion, and some by a

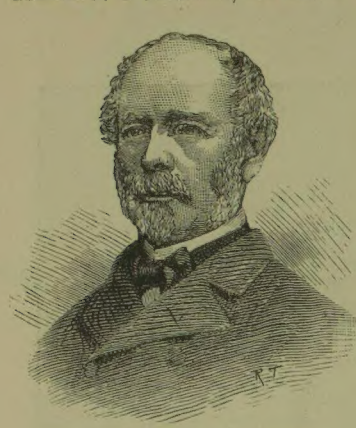
modern French artist, J. H. Fragonard, who was a native of Grasse. Other pictures by Fragonard may be seen in the house

of a private owner resident here. Among the local antiquities of Grasse are the remaining towers of a great castle, in which Queen Joan of Naples, the heroine of matrimonial and criminal adventures, not very unlike those ascribed to Mary Queen of Scots, dwelt as Countess of Provence, five centuries ago. The streets of this old town are narrow in most parts, and exceedingly steep; they are rather flights of stone steps, here and there, between tall and gloomy houses.

But the town has its attractions—pleasant gardens, quiet and comfortable hotels and boarding-houses, a club, a circulating library, and an English church. And it is especially notable for the culture and sale of flowers, and for the manufacture of

PERSONAL.

General J. E. Johnston, the last of the great commanders in the American Civil War, died on March 21, at the extreme age of eighty-seven, from a cold caught at the funeral of his old antagonist and victor, W. T. Sherman. General Johnston had no record of brilliant successes in war like his colleagues Lee and Jackson, and, like our own William of Orange, he belongs rather to the category of thoroughly capable but, on the whole, unfortunate generals. He was largely responsible for the Confederate victory at Bull's Run, but his name is linked with the later series of misfortunes which overtook the Confederate forces when confronted by Grant and Sherman. Johnston failed to relieve Vicksburg, and Sherman's march to the sea and thence to Savannah utterly broke up his resistance, and forced on the surrender of his army which finally took place. Johnston's career throughout was a chequered one. He was frequently appointed to commands, and frequently relieved of them. He had good and clear judgment, but was wanting in dash and decision. Sherman in his memoirs describes with manly pathos the meeting at Greenboro' with the beaten antagonist, with whom for two years he had been exchanging a constant series of blows, and who, strangely enough, followed him to his tomb, there, in his turn, to find death waiting for him.



THE LATE GENERAL JOHNSTON.

The death of Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the American actor will awaken some agreeable recollections of his visits to England, the last of which took place in 1884. Mr. Barrett was a very pleasant person, of some culture, but he was not a great actor, and he did not impress the English playgoing public. His best performances here were in "Richelieu" and in a play, by Mr. W. D. Howells, entitled "Yorick's Love." Nor was his fame in the States of a very high order. He belonged to the race of actors who take their traditions from the "robust" school of Edwin Forrest. In a word, he was a mitigated "barn-stormer," who played largely to the gallery, and hardly appealed to the finer tastes of his hearers. One of the most terrible of his representations on these lines was his playing of Paolo in a piece called "Francesca di Rimini." He did very much better and sounder work during his association with Edwin Booth, which lasted to his death, Booth's singular refinement of style contrasting excellently with Barrett's coarser methods. His favourite character, and that in which he achieved the most remarkable success, was that of Cassius, in "Julius Caesar."

There are some interesting reminiscences of the late famous jeweller of New Bond Street—Mr. Hancock, whose establishment Disraeli described in "Lothair" with characteristic luxuriance of fancy. Mr. Hancock, on his retirement many years ago, bought a charming estate at Hendon once in the possession of David Garrick, and still adorned by one of the little Greek temples favoured by architects of the great actor's time. A pleasant and friendly old gentleman, Mr. Hancock had the distinction of knowing most of the notabilities of his day. Tsar Alexander II. was on excellent terms with him, and he made more than one journey to St. Petersburg. On one of these occasions one of the grand duchesses who knew him well initiated him into the mysteries of Russian cookeries, and made him an omelette with her own fair hands. He was jeweller to Napoleon III., and had large dealings with the Court of the Tuileries.

On one occasion Mr. Hancock had a commission to sell a very fine old set of silver candelabra for an English countess. He took them over to Paris to show the Emperor, who thought them too small, and declined to buy them. The Empress was standing in the room, and Mr. Hancock appealed to her, opportunely whispering that it would be a good stroke of policy for the Empress to have a large duplicate set made by the Paris workmen. The Empress jumped at the notion, and the candelabra changed hands on the spot for £4000, £1000 more than their owner hoped to get for them.

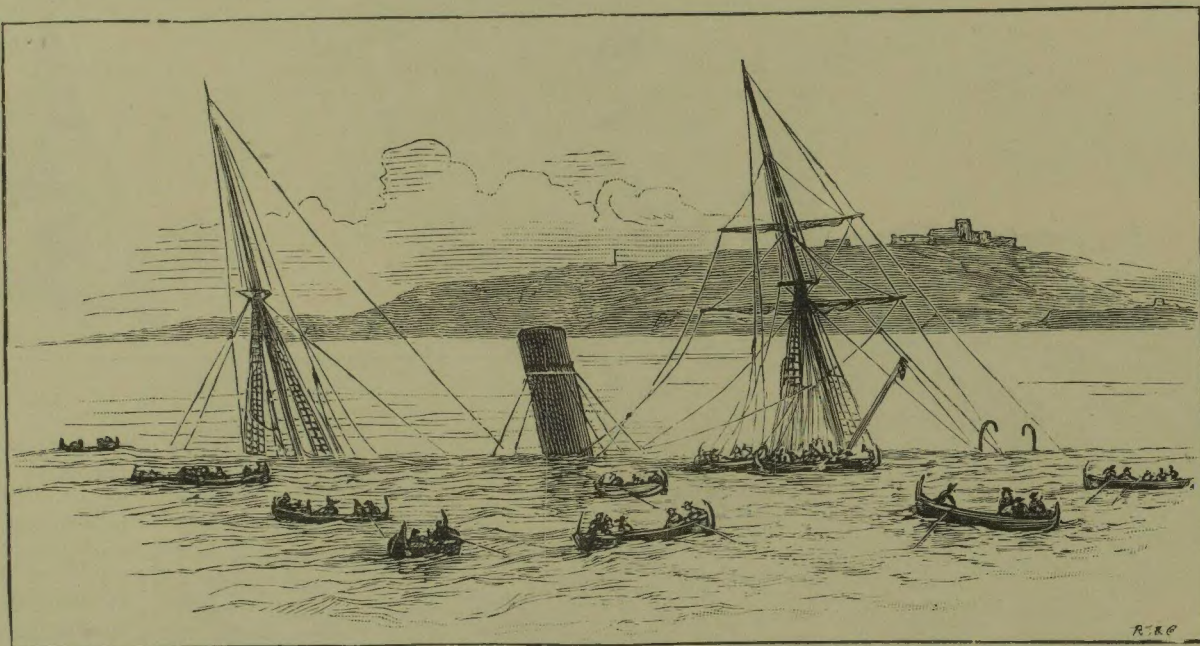
The pleasantest of the parties organised for the boat-race is usually that of the Lyric Club, which on March 21 sent out a number of invitations through Lord Londesborough. The weather was bitterly cold, but the party was a merry one, and the lunch excellent. Lady Londesborough sent a profusion of flowers, which were distributed among the guests on the steamers, who included Lord Wharnclyffe, Lord Suffield, Lord Dorchester, Lady Lilian and Lady Mildred Denison, and Lord and Lady Glentworth. The stage was, as usual, very well represented. Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Bancroft, Miss Dorothy Dene, the pretty Misses Rorke, and Miss Winifred Emery stood for the stage proper; and Mr. Ben Davies, Miss Decima Moore, Mr. Barrington Foote, and others, for the lyric muse which the club specially celebrates. Lady Morell Mackenzie and her two daughters were there, and some very charming dresses were made out of the colours of the crews. The destiny of the party was St. Anne's, the pretty country house of the club at Barnes.

The steeplechase—the second of the series—between members of the House of Commons was very cleverly and prettily won by Mr. A. E. Pease on his beautiful little grey mare Nora Creina, which last year was just beaten by Mr. Elliott Lees's Damon, ridden superbly and with great judgment by his owner. This year Mr. Pease did not make the mistake of overtaking his mare, and she won by forty lengths, and with the greatest ease and finish. Damon, last year's winner, fell at a brook a quarter of a mile from the finish, but he was clearly outpaced by Mr. Pease's mount.

Mr. Parnell's proceedings in Ireland have been the subject of amused comment by the spectators, Unionist and Liberal, of the farce. Mr. Parnell's colleague in the representation of Cork City is Mr. Maurice Healy, a younger brother of Mr. "Tim," an acute young lawyer, whose very delicate physique hardly suggests the tenacity of character which he shares with the redoubtable "Tim." The other day Mr. Parnell offered, as a test, to resign his seat for Cork City if Mr. Healy would do the same. Mr. Healy promptly accepted the challenge. For some days Mr. Parnell made no sign, but at length he wrote that he had forwarded to Colonel Nolan, the Whip of his party, his application for the Chiltern Hundreds. The conditions of his resignation, however, were that Mr. Healy should first appeal to his constituents and get his trial over. Then he (Mr. Parnell) would go to the poll. Mr. Parnell's challenge, however, was for an immediate and simultaneous battle, so that he has somewhat shifted his ground. The incident rather qualifies the popular idea of the fighting qualities of the Irish leader. But Mr. Parnell is not the man he was. Always subject to strange fits of loss of nerve, his failing health has much impaired the iron will which impressed those who came in contact with him in the earlier passages of his career.

The Hon. Honoré Mercier, Premier of Quebec, who is now visiting France, and will shortly be in England, is the political leader of the French Canadians, and one of the most powerful statesmen in Canada. Though only fifty years of age, he wields a political influence second to none in his native province of Quebec, and to him in no small measure was due the defeat which Sir John Macdonald and his party sustained among the French Canadians during the recent political crisis. Mr. Mercier is, of course, a dutiful son of the Church of Rome, and so conspicuous has been his success in political life that to the *habitués* he is a veritable "Man of Providence." For five years he has held the reins of power in provincial affairs, and each election seems to strengthen his hold. With the Republicanism of modern France Mr. Mercier, like most of his fellow-countrymen, has little in sympathy. He is a Frenchman after the order of Louis Quatorze.

It is sometimes both odd and interesting to compare the caprices of heredity, the many and various guises under which talent will show itself in certain famous families. When Wordsworth, that most peaceable of pastoral poets, sang of "battles long ago," he little thought that one of his immediate descendants would win his spurs as a battle-painter. But so it is: Mr. Ernest Crofts, A.R.A., who has just completed another picture illustrative of an episode in the martial life of Napoleon, is the grandnephew of the poet



WRECK OF THE UTOPIA.

SKETCHED THE MORNING AFTER, BY MR. C. W. COLE, OF H.M.S. ANSON.

of Rydal Mount, and first cousin to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, besides being the brother of Mrs. Francis Darwin, whose historical researches are known to be of no ordinary value. Mr. Crofts's dignified and soldierly bearing does not belie his experience, for, rightly thinking that an artist should have some practical knowledge of the scenes he intends to portray, he followed the German flag through the Franco-German War with his master, M. Emile Hünten. Much of this painter's finest work was done at Düsseldorf, where he lived for some years before settling down in London. Mr. Crofts has a splendid collection of antique armour, mediæval oak, and Empire furniture.

Sir William Harcourt's trenchant denunciation as "trumpery" of all arguments against the proposed route, through St. John's Wood, of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, involving the demolition of more than one fine old Georgian building, is characteristic, if a trifle arbitrary. Sir William is a true utilitarian, caring, like Gallio, for none of these things. Indeed, it is not so very long ago that he caused to be swept from the face of the earth all that remained of the ancient monastery in the New Forest where William Rufus spent the night before his death, raising in place thereof a modern mansion of florid design. It is strange, though, that the aforesaid protest against Sir Edward Watkin's scheme should have been raised almost solely on behalf of painters, for in the same locality, and within a stone's throw of one another, reside Mr. Thomas Thorne, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. David James, Mr. Pinero, and Mr. Santley, who have done, at least, as much for the public entertainment as their cousins of the brush.

Mr. Charles Leland, the accomplished creator of "Hans Breitmann," is almost as migratorily disposed as the gipsies whom he knows so well and discourses of so learnedly. Just now he is in Florence, enjoying the sunlight and the many-coloured anemoli, secure from blizzard and east wind. But his real home, although latterly but rarely visited, is his house in Philadelphia, where the world-famous Breitmann Ballads were written. In appearance Mr. Leland is singularly imposing, for all the world like a Viking chieftain of old time, with his massive frame, his silvery hair and beard, and frosty, keen blue eyes, that sparkle with interest and gleam with humour by turns. To Mrs. Leland, too, has time been more than usually kind. Once eulogised by Thackeray as the most beautiful woman in America, she remains a beautiful woman still, "divinely tall and most divinely fair."

FOREIGN NEWS.

A very circumstantial story has been current in Germany concerning Herr von Bötticher, who, it was alleged, having become surety for his brother-in-law for a considerable sum, very nearly came to grief himself through his kind-heartedness, and was only saved from ruin by being allowed to draw a sum of 350,000 marks from the Guelph, or Reptile, Fund. This loan was subsequently repaid by Herr von Bötticher; but the point of the story lies in the further allegation that it was through the magnanimity of Prince Bismarck, whose subsequent fall he helped to bring about, that the Minister of the Interior had been relieved. A question was put on the subject in the Prussian Chamber, but elicited no very precise information; and this affair seems to have excited so much interest in German political circles that the Emperor took the necessary steps to put an end to all ill-natured gossip. He called on Herr von Bötticher, and remained in conversation with him for a considerable time, after which Chancellor von Caprivi followed his imperial master's example. The general impression is that these visits were made with the special object of signifying to the public that the confidence felt in Herr von Bötticher by the Emperor is as great as ever. In connection with this incident it should be noted that the Deputy who brought it under the notice of the Prussian Chamber is an active supporter of Prince Bismarck's candidature in a Hanoverian constituency.

German explorers are very active in Africa. In West Africa the German expedition which started two years ago under Lieutenant Morgen, with the object of exploring the inland districts of the Niger tributaries, has returned to Lagos on its way to the Cameroons River, after suffering many privations and losses through death. As Lieutenant Morgen had power to enter into arrangements with native chiefs on behalf of the German Government, it is believed that he may have made treaties with some native princes. Another German explorer, Dr. Zintgraf, has just returned to the coast from his expedition to the *Hinterland* of the Cameroons, after establishing a station at Bali. These various expeditions are so many incidents in what has been appropriately termed the international race to Lake Tchad. In East Africa, according to the latest news to hand, Emin Pasha was reported to be in the vicinity of the Victoria Nyanza in the early part of January. On the coast, Major von Wissmann had, on March 1, proclaimed a German monopoly in the importation of arms and ammunition into German East Africa.

The death of Prince Napoleon has had no effect on French politics, and the reported tenor of his political testament, according to which Prince Louis, his second son, now in the Russian army, is designated as the representative and sole depositary of the Napoleonic traditions, to the exclusion of Prince Victor, is of interest only to those it directly concerns, and to a few ardent Bonapartists, the number of whom diminishes every year. Pretenders, just now, are in a bad way, and their doings are attracting but little attention. The latest act of the Comte de Paris has been the appointment of M. d'Haussonville as leader of the Orleanist party, in the room of M. Bocher, who has lately resigned; but M. d'Haussonville will no more be able to galvanise the Orleanist party than Prince Louis to infuse new blood into the Bonapartist faction. There is, however, a pretender, if General Boulanger may be so described, on whose behalf an effort has just been made, or on the point of being made. It may be remembered that, during the excitement produced by the visit to Paris of the Empress Frederick, General Boulanger suddenly left Jersey for Brussels, where he has remained ever since. The fact is that the General thought that "something might turn up" which would offer him an opportunity of returning to Paris in the character of a saviour of society. The *Ligue des Patriotes*, like other leagues nearer home, although officially dissolved, still survives under the leadership of M. Déroulède; members are being enrolled and subscriptions received. A police inquiry ordered by the authorities has proved beyond doubt that a manifestation was being prepared by the Boulangerists and the Socialists on the occasion of the meeting of the National Republican Association which M. Ferry was to address on Saturday, March 21. M. Constans gave instructions accordingly, and the houses of several members of the Ligue and of a few prominent Anarchists were searched and some arrests were made. No demonstration took place, thanks to the energetic measures taken by the Minister of the Interior, who is determined that no revival of Boulangerism shall be allowed so long as he is responsible for public order; and M. Ferry made a vigorous speech, in which he pointed out the success of the Republican institutions and the gradual decomposition of Monarchical parties.

By a curious coincidence, just at the time when M. Ferry re-enters public life, the Tonkin question is again on the tapis. The other day M. de Montfort called attention, in the Chamber of Deputies, to the unsatisfactory state of that colony, where pirates (the Tonkinese dacoits) are giving trouble, and things are so unsettled that a military expedition may become necessary. The Colonial Under-Secretary, M. Etienne, admitted the facts stated by M. de Montfort, but added that there would be no need to send fresh troops, and that the Government would use all the means in their power to re-establish order.

There is no progress to be noted in the negotiations with Portugal, and it seems to be anticipated that no arrangement may be come to before April 2, when the Cortes are to meet for their ordinary session, in which case it is announced that the opening of the session will not take place until the beginning of May. This, of course, would be the very latest date on which the Chambers could meet, as the *modus vivendi* expires on May 14 next. It is said, but the report lacks confirmation, that a Ministerial crisis may shortly occur, and a Conservative Cabinet be appointed, whose special object would be to negotiate with Great Britain and conclude a Convention acceptable to both parties.



VIEW OF GIBRALTAR FROM THE BAY.

THE GREAT DISASTER AT GIBRALTAR.

The sinking of the steam-ship *Utopia* in the Bay of Gibraltar, by collision with H.M.S. *Anson*, causing the loss of over 560 lives, is one of the most terrible disasters. It occurred on Tuesday, March 17, at seven o'clock in the evening. The *Utopia*, belonging to the Anchor Line, was an iron screw-steamer of 2731 gross tons, built at Port Glasgow in 1874, and was owned by Messrs. Henderson Brothers, of Glasgow. She was engaged for this voyage to convey Italian emigrants from Trieste, Naples, and other Italian ports to New York. When she left Naples there were 813 emigrants on board, of whom 661 were men, 85 women, and 67 children. Of the whole number, 783 came from the southern provinces of Italy, while 21 were citizens of Trieste. The crew and officers numbered 50. Captain M'Keague was in command.

The vessel was seen before dark in the evening steaming towards the anchorage. When abreast of the ironclad *Anson*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Jones, of the Channel Squadron, lying at anchor off Ragged Staff, at the south end of the town, near the parade and public garden, the *Utopia* was seen to stagger as if unable to make headway against the strong current running out at the time. In a moment the fierce gale, combined with this current, swept the ill-fated vessel across the bows of the *Anson*, which is a twin-screw first-class armour-clad, with a formidable ram. This ram cut bodily into the steamer, and she then drifted before the wind and sea until the rapid inrush of water made her begin to settle down, which happened five minutes after the first shock.

Boats were at once lowered from the *Anson* and other vessels of the British squadron, as well as from the Swedish

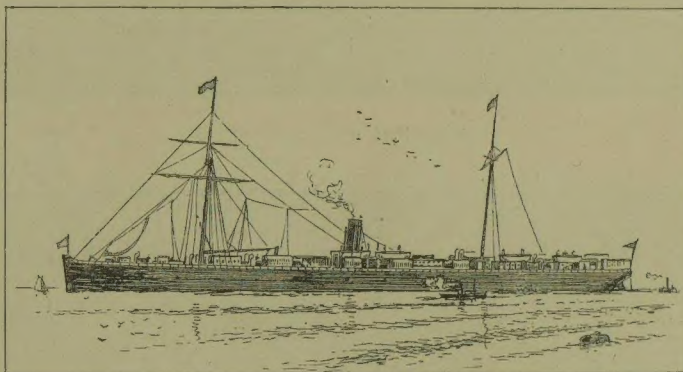
war-ship *Freya* and the cable-ship *Amber*, while the ironclads turned their electric search-lights towards the wreck to assist the rescuers in their difficult task; for by this time the daylight was almost gone. One boat, the pinnacle of H.M.S. *Immortalité*, was dashed on a rock by the force of the sea, and

wreck rushed forward, struggling with each other for life, and fighting their way up the fore-rigging. Twenty minutes later the fore-castle disappeared beneath the surface, carrying down the crowds of unfortunate beings who had not dared to jump off, and had failed to take refuge in the rigging.

The wind and rain were so blinding that scarcely anything could be seen beyond a confused struggling mass of living beings, mixed up with wreckage. Those who had succeeded in taking refuge in the main rigging were rescued several hours later, but so exhausted that they could not get into the boats, and it was necessary for the rescuers to clamber up the shrouds in order to pass the poor creatures down into the boats.

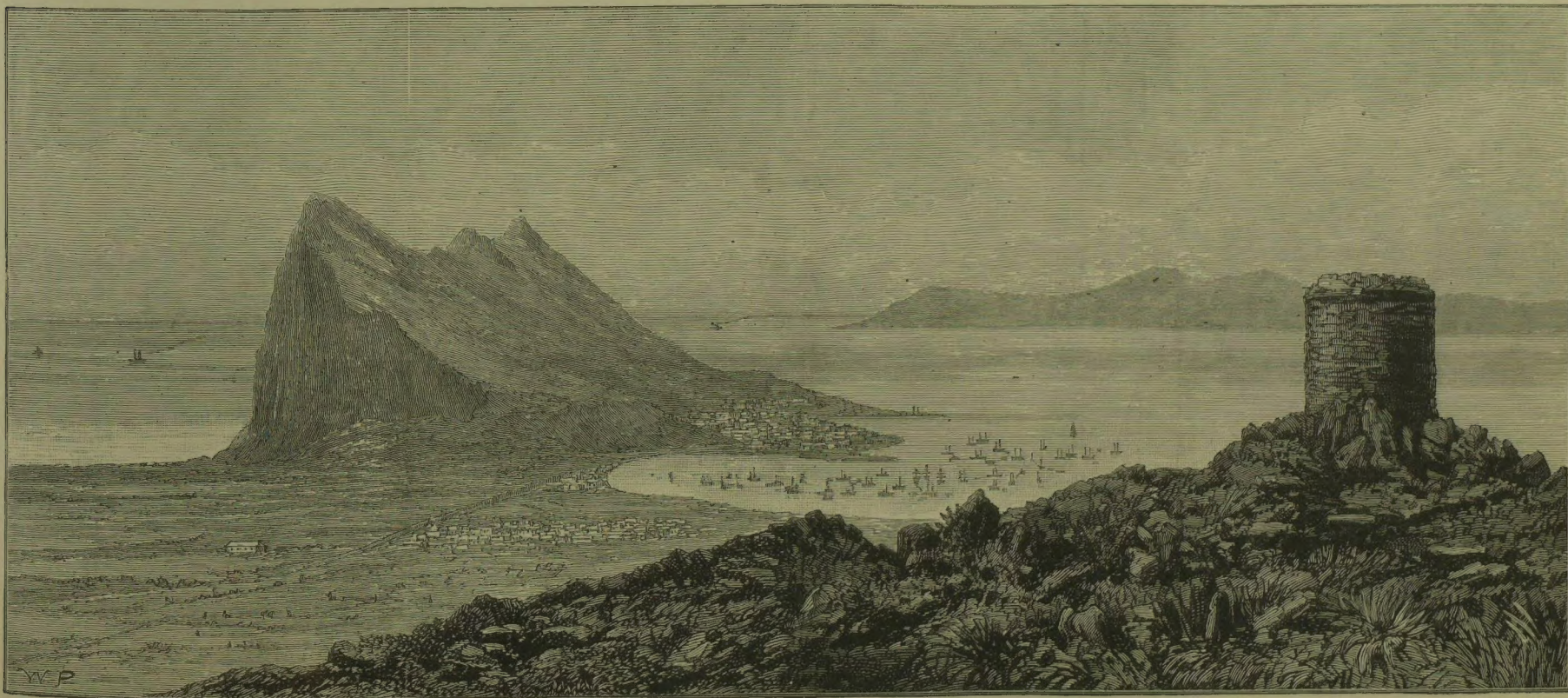
Twenty-four of the *Utopia's* crew were saved, including the captain, ship's doctor, two officers, one engineer, and one steward. Of the passengers and emigrants only 292 were saved; there were seventeen passengers in addition to the 813 emigrants on board. Several have since died of exhaustion.

An official inquiry has been opened concerning the conduct of Captain M'Keague on a charge of neglecting the ordinary rules of the road in entering a harbour. The Court, sitting at the Port Office, Gibraltar, on March 23, consisted of Mr. Cavendish Boyle, Colonial Secretary; Commander Barry, R.N., of H.M.S. *Curlew*; Commander Dickson, of H.M.S. *Howe*; Staff-Commander Broad, of H.M.S. *Camperdown*; Captain Greey, of the cable-ship *Amber*; and two masters of merchant vessels. Counsel appeared for the Crown, Captain M'Keague, and the owners. The Bay of Gibraltar is notoriously a bad harbour, affording no shelter from the most violent wind and sea. Its disadvantages as a naval port are exemplified when a steam-ship was drifting, close to the anchorage, in a strong gale and current



THE UTOPIA, ANCHOR LINE STEAM-SHIP, SUNK BY COLLISION IN THE BAY OF GIBRALTAR.

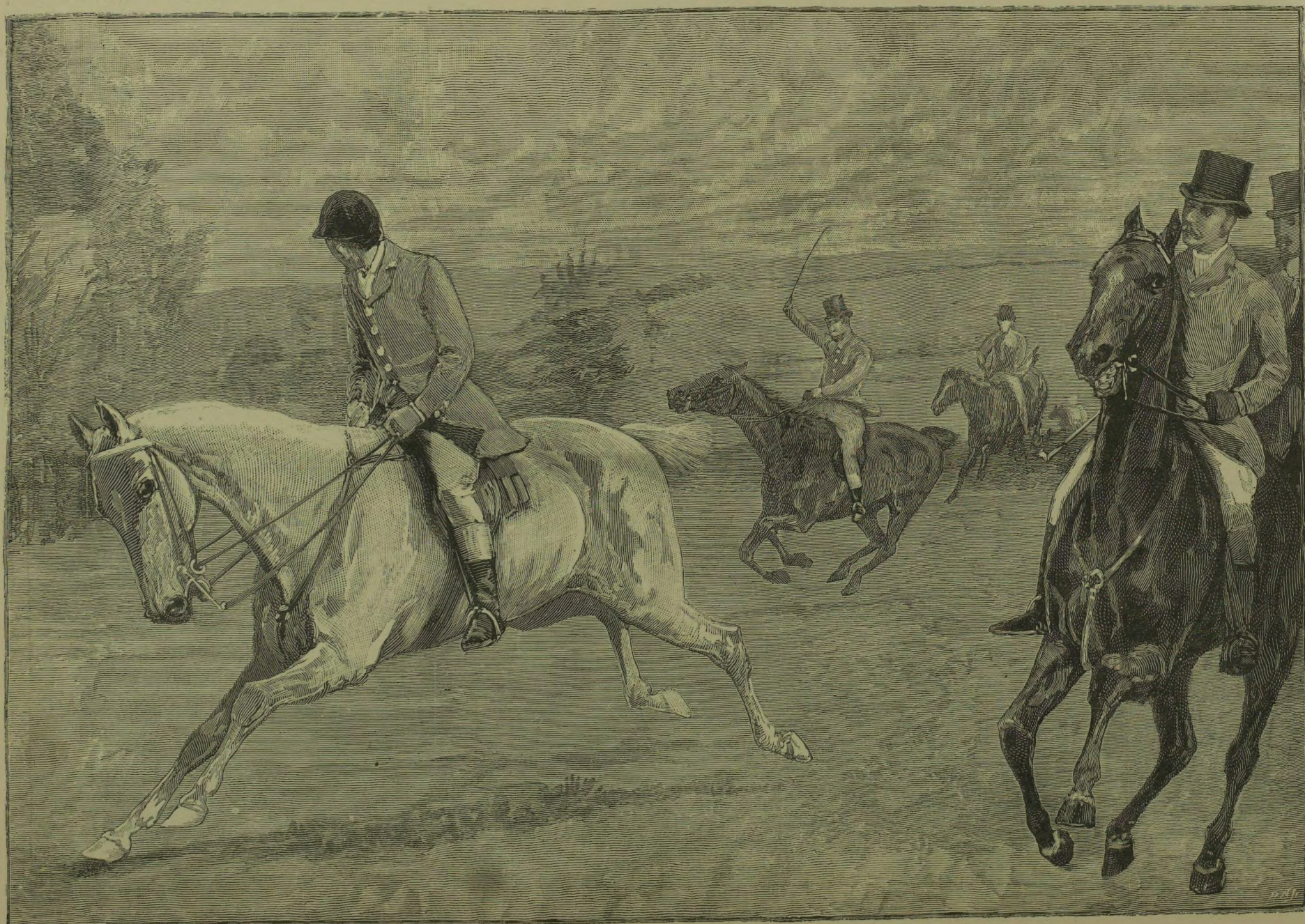
two of her seamen were drowned. The sea was running so high that the boats could not approach the wreck with any hope of taking off those on board, and were compelled to lie to leeward, picking up the people as they were swept off the decks. As the *Utopia's* bows began to sink, those on board the



VIEW OF GIBRALTAR FROM THE "QUEEN OF SPAIN'S CHAIR," SHOWING WHERE THE UTOPIA FOUNDERED.



POACHED EGGS.



HOUSE OF COMMONS POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASE NEAR DAVENTRY: MR. A. E. PEASE WINNING ON NORA CREINA.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"Listen!" shouted Jacob, and he sent his voice in a bull-like roar into the blackness astern: "Tom-mee!"

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SAILOR'S DEATH.

The day slipped away: there were no more disputes; Thomas went to lie down, and, when Jacob took the tiller, Abraham pulled a little book out of his locker and read it, with his lips moving, holding it out at arm's length, as though it were a daguerreotype that was only discernible in a certain light. I asked him the name of the book.

"The Boible," said he. "It's the Sabbath, master, and I always read a chapter of this here book on Sundays."

Helga started. "It is Sunday, indeed!" she exclaimed. "I had forgotten it. How swiftly do the days come round! It was a week last night since we left the bay, and this day week my father was alive—my dear father was alive!"

She opened the parcel and took out the little bible that had belonged to her mother. I had supposed it was in Danish, but on my taking it from her I found it an English bible. But then I recollected that her mother had been English. I asked her to read aloud to me, and she did so, pronouncing every word in a clear, sweet voice. I recollect it was a chapter out of the New Testament, and while she read Abraham put down his book to listen, and Jacob leaned forward from the tiller with a straining ear.

In this fashion the time passed.

I went to my miserable bed of spare sail under the overhanging deck shortly after nine o'clock that night. This unsheltered opening was truly a cold, windy, miserable bedroom for a man who could not in any way claim that he was used to hardship. Indeed, the wretchedness of the accommodation was as much a cause as any other condition of our situation of my wild, headlong impatience to get away from the lugger and sail for home in a ship that would find me shelter and a bed and room to move in, and those bare conveniences of life which were lacking aboard the *Early Morn*.

Well, as I have said, shortly after nine o'clock on that Sunday, I bid good-night to Abraham, who was steering the vessel, and entered my sleeping abode, where Jacob was lying rolled up in a blanket, snoring heavily. It was then a dark night, but the wind was scant, and the water smooth, and but little motion of swell in it. I had looked for a star, but there was none to be seen, and then I had looked for a ship's light, but the dusk stood like a wall of blackness within a musket-shot of the lugger's sides—for that was about as far as one could see the dim crawling of the foam to windward and its receding glimmer on the other land—and there was not the faintest point of green or red or white anywhere visible.

I lay awake for some time: sleep could make but little headway against the battery of snorts and gasps which the *Deal* boatman, lying close beside me, opposed to it. My mind also was uncommonly active with worry and anxiety. I was

dwelling constantly upon my mother, recalling her as I had last seen her by the glow of the fire in her little parlour when I gave her that last kiss and ran out of the house. It is eight days ago, thought I; and it seemed incredible that the time should have thus fled. Then I thought of Helga, the anguish of heart the poor girl had suffered, her heroic acceptance of her fate, her simple piety, her friendlessness and her future.

In this way was my mind occupied when I fell asleep, and I afterwards knew that I must have lain for about an hour wrapped in the heavy slumber that comes to a weary man at sea.

I was awakened by a sound of the crashing and splintering of wood. This was instantly succeeded by a loud and fearful cry, accompanied by the noise of a heavy splash, immediately followed by hoarse shouts. One of the voices I believed was Abraham's, but the blending of the distressed and terrified bawlings rendered them confounding, and scarcely distinguishable. It was pitch dark where I lay. I got on to my knees to crawl out; but some spare sail that Abraham had contrived as a shelter for me had slipped from its position, and obstructed me, and I lay upon my knees wrestling for a few minutes before I could free myself. In this time my belief was that the lugger had been in collision with some black shadow of ship invisible to the helmsman in the darkness, and that she might be now, even while I kneeled wrestling with the sail, going down under us, with Helga, perhaps, still in the forepeak. This caused me to struggle furiously, and, presently, I got clear of the blinding and hugging folds of the canvas; but I was almost spent with fear and exertion.

Someone continued to shout, and by the character of his cries I gathered that he was hailing a vessel close to. It was blowing a sharp squall of wind, and raining furiously. The darkness was that of the inside of a mine, and all that I could see was the figure of a boatman leaning over the side and holding the lantern (that was kept burning all night) on a level with the gunwale while he shouted, and then listened, and then shouted again.

"What has happened!" I cried.

The voice of Jacob, though I could not see him, answered, in a tone I shall never forget for the misery and consternation of it: "The foremast's carried away and knocked poor old Tommy overboard. He's drowned! he's drowned! He don't make no answer. His painted clothes and boots have took him down as if he was a dippy lead."

"Can he swim?" I cried.

"No, Sir, no!"

I sprang to where Abraham overhung the rail.

"Will he be lying fouled by the gear over the side, do you think?" I cried to the man.

"No, Sir," answered Abraham: "he drifted clear. He sung out once as he went astern. What a thing to happen!

Can't launch the punt with the lugger a wreck," he added, talking as though he thought aloud in his misery. "We'd stand to lose the lugger if we launched the punt."

"Listen!" shouted Jacob, and he sent his voice in a bull-like roar into the blackness astern: "Tom-mee!"

There was nothing to be heard but the shrilling of the sharp-edged squall rushing athwart the boat, that now lay beam on to it, and the slashing noise of the deluge of rain horizontally streaming, and the grinding of the wrecked gear alongside with frequent sharp slaps of the rising sea against the bends of the lugger, and the fierce snarling of melting heads of waters suddenly and savagely vexed and flashed into spray while curling.

"What is it?" cried the voice of Helga in my ear.

"Ah, thank Heaven, you are safe!" I cried, feeling for her hand and grasping it. "A dreadful thing has happened. The lugger has been dismasted, and the fall of the spar has knocked the man Thomas overboard."

"He may be swimming!" she exclaimed.

"No! no! no!" growled Abraham, in a voice hoarse with grief. "He's gone—he's gone! We shall never see him again." Then his note suddenly changed. "Jacob, the raffle alongside must be got in at worst: let's bear a hand afore the sea jumps aboard. Lady, will ye hold the loight? Mr. Tregarthen, we shall want you to help us."

"Willingly!" I cried.

I remembered at that moment that my oilskin coat lay in the side of the boat close to where I stood. I stooped and felt it, and in a moment I had whipped it over Helga's shoulders, for she was now holding the lantern, and I had her clear in my sight. It would be a godsend to her, I knew, in the wet that was now sluicing past us, and that must speedily have soaked her to the skin, clad as she was.

For the next few minutes all was bustle and hoarse shouts. I see little Helga, now, hanging over the side and swinging the lantern, that its light might touch the wreckage; I see the crystals of rain flashing past the lantern and blinding the glass of it with wet; I feel again the rush of the fierce squall upon my face, making breathing a labour, while I grab hold of the canvas, and help the men to drag the great, sodden heavy sail into the boat. We worked desperately, and, as I have said, in a few minutes we had got the whole of the sail out of the water; but the mast was too heavy to handle in the blackness, and it was left to float clear of us by the halliards till daylight should come.

We were wet through, and chilled to the heart besides—I speak of myself, at least—not more by the sharp bite of that black, wet squall than by the horror occasioned by the sudden loss of a man, by the thought of one as familiar to the sight as hourly association could make him, who was just now living and talking—lying cold and dead, sinking fathoms deep

into the heart of that dark measureless profound on whose surface the lugger—in all probability the tiniest ark at that moment afloat in the oceans she was attempting to traverse—was tumbling.

"Haul aft the mizzen sheet, Jacob!" said Abraham in a voice hoarse indeed, but marked with depression also. "Ye can secure the tiller too. She must loie as she is till we can see what we're about."

The man went aft with a lantern. He speedily executed Abraham's orders; but by the aid of the dim lantern-light I could see him standing motionless in the stern-sheets, as though harkening and straining his gaze.

"He's gone, Abraham!" he cried suddenly in a rough voice that trembled with emotion. "There will be never no more to hear of Tommy Budd. Ay, gone dead—drowned for ever!" I heard him mutter, as he picked up the lantern and came with heavy booted legs clambering over the thwarts to us.

"As God's my loife, how sudden it were!" cried Abraham, making his hands meet in a sharp report in the passion of grief with which he clapped them.

It was still raining hard, and the atmosphere was of a midnight blackness; but all the hardness of the squall was gone out of the wind, and it was now blowing a steady breeze, such as we should have been able to expose our whole lugsail to could we have hoisted it. Jacob held the lantern to the mast, or rather to the fragment that remained of it. You must know that a Deal lugger's mast is stepped in what is termed a "tabernacle"—that is to say, a sort of box, which enables the crew to lower or set up their mast at will. This "tabernacle," with us, stood a little less than two feet above the forepeak deck, and the mast had been broken at some ten feet above it. It showed in very ugly, fang-like points.

"Two rotten masts for such a voyage as this!" cried Jacob, with a savage note in his voice. "'Tis old Thompson's work. Would he was in Tommy's place! S'elp me! I'd give half the airings of this voyage for the chance to drown him!" By which I might gather that he referred to the boat-builder who had supplied the masts.

"No use in standing in this drizzle, men," said I. "It's a bad job, but there's nothing to be done for the present, Abraham. There's shelter to be got under this deck, here. Have you another lantern?"

"What for?" asked Abraham, in the voice of a man utterly broken down.

"Why, to show," said I, "lest we should be run into. Here we are stationary, you know, and who's to see us as we lie?"

"And a blooming good job if we *was* run into!" returned Abraham. "Blarst me if I couldn't chuck moyself overboard!"

"Nonsense!" cried I, alarmed by his tone rather than by his words. "Let us get under shelter! Here, Jacob, give me the light! Now, Helga, crawl in first and show us the road. Abraham, in with you! Jacob, take this lantern, will you, and get one of those jars of spirits you took off the raft, and a mug and some cold water! Abraham will be the better for a dram, and so will you."

The jar was procured, and each man took a hearty drink. I, too, found comfort in a dram, but I could not induce Helga to put the mug to her lips. The four of us crouched under the overhanging deck—there was no height and, indeed, no breadth for an easier posture. We set the lantern in our midst—I had no more to say about showing the light—and in this dim irradiation we gazed at one another. Abraham's countenance looked of a ghostly white. Jacob, with mournful gestures, filled a pipe, and his melancholy visage resembled some grotesque face beheld in a dream as he opened the lantern and thrust his nose, with a large rain-drop hanging at the end of it, close to the flame to light the tobacco.

"To think that I should have had a row with him only this mornin'!" growled Abraham, lugging his knees. "What roight had I to go and sarce him about his rent? Will any man tell me," said he, slowly looking round, "that poor old Tommy's heart war'n't in the roight place? Oi hope not, Oi hope not—Oi couldn't abear to hear it said. He was a man as had had to struggle hard for his bread like others along of us, and disappointment and want and marriage had tarned his blood acid. Oi've known him to pass three days without biting a crust. The very bed on which he lay was took from him. Yet he bore up, and without th' help o' drink, and I says that to the pore chap's credit."

He paused.

"At bottom," exclaimed Jacob, sucking hard at his inch of sooty clay, "Tommy was a *man*. He once saved my loife. You remember, Abey, that job I had along with him when we was atowing down on the quarter of a big, light Spaniard?"

"I remember, I remember," grunted Abraham.

"The boat sheered," continued Jacob, addressing me, "and got agin the steamer's screw, and the stroke of the blade cut the boat roight in halves. They chucked us a loife-buoy. Poor old Tommy got hold of it and heads for me, who were drowning some fadoms off. He clutched me by the hair just in toime, and held me till we was picked up. And now *he's* gone dead, and we shall never see him no more."

"Tommy Budd," exclaimed Abraham, "was that sort of man that he never took a pint himself without asking a chap to have a glass tew, if so be as he had the valley of it on him. There was no smarter man fore and aft the beach in steering a galley-punt. There was scarce a regatta but what he was fust."

"He was a upright man," said Jacob, observing that Abraham had paused; "and never more upright than when he war'n't sober, which proves how true his instincts was. When his darter got married to young Darkey Dick, as Tommy didn't think a sootable match, he walks into the room of the public-house where the company was dancing and enjoying themselves, kicked the whole blooming party out into the road, then sits down, and calls for a glass himself. Of course he'd had a drop too much. But the drink only improved his nat'ral disloie of the wedding. Pore Tommy! Abey, pass along that jar!"

In this fashion these plain, simple-hearted souls of boatmen continued for some time, with now and again an interlude in the direction of the spirit-jar, to bewail the loss of their unhappy shipmate. Our situation, however, was of a sort that would not suffer the shock caused by the man Thomas's death to be very lasting. Here we were, in what was little better than an open boat of eighteen tons, lying dismasted, and entirely helpless, amid the solitude of a black midnight in the Atlantic Ocean, with nothing but an already wounded mast to depend upon when daybreak should come to enable us to set it up, and the lugger's slender crew less by one able hand!

It was still a thick and drizzling night, with a plentiful sobbing of water alongside; but the Early Morn, under her little mizzen, and with her bows almost head to sea, rose and fell quietly. By this time the men had pretty well exhausted their lamentations over Thomas. I therefore ventured to change the subject.

"Now there are but two of you," said I, "I suppose you'll up with your mast to-morrow morning and make for home?"

"No fear!" answered Abraham, speaking with briskness out of the drams he had swallowed. "We're agoing to Australey, and if so be as another of us ain't taken we'll *git* there."

"But surely you'll not continue this voyage with the outfit you now have?" said I.

"Well," said he, "we shall have to 'fish' the mast that's sprung and try and make it sarve till we falls in with a wessel as'll give us a sound spar to take the mast's place. Anyhow, we shall keep all on."

"Ay, we shall keep all on," said Jacob: "no use coming all this way to tarn back again. Why, Gor' bless me, what 'ud be said of us?"

"But, surely," said Helga, "two of you'll not be able to manage this big boat?"

"Lord love'ee, yes, lady," cried Abraham. "Mind ye, if we was out a-pleasuring I should want to get home; but there's money to take up at the end of this ramble, and Jacob and me means to aim it."

Thus speaking, he crawled out to have a look at the weather, and was, a moment later, followed by Jacob, and presently I could hear them both earnestly consulting on what was to be done when the morning came, and how they were to manage afterwards, now that Thomas was gone.

The light of the lantern lay upon Helga's face as she sat close beside me on the spare sail that had formed my rough couch.

"What further experiences are we to pass through?" said I.

"Little you guessed what was before you when you came off to us in the life-boat, Hugh!" said she, gazing gently at me with eyes which seemed black in the dull light.

"These two boatmen," said I, "are very good fellows, but there is a pig-headedness about them that does not improve our distress. Their resolution to proceed might appear as a wonderful stroke of courage to a landsman's mind, but to a sailor it could signify nothing more than the rankest foolhardiness. A plague upon their heroism! A little timidity would mean common-sense, and then to-morrow morning we should be heading for home. But I fear you are wet through, Helga."

"No, your oilskin has kept me dry," she answered.

"No need for you to stay here," said I. "Why not return to the forepeak and finish out the night?"

"I would rather remain with you, Hugh."

"Ay, Helga, but you must spare no pains to fortify yourself with rest and food. Who knows what the future may be holding for us—how heavily the pair of us may yet be tried? These experiences, so far, may prove but a few links of a chain whose end is still a long way off."

She put her hand on the back of mine, and tenderly stroked it.

"Hugh," said she, "remember our plain friend Abraham's advice: Do not let imagination run away with you. The spirit that brought you to the side of the Anine in the black and dreadful night is still your own. Cheer up! All will be well with you yet. What makes me say this? I cannot tell, if it be not the conviction that God will not leave unwatched one whose trials have been brought about by an act of noble courage and of beautiful resolution."

She continued to caress my hand as she spoke—an unconscious gesture in her, as I perceived—maybe it was a habit of her affectionate heart, and I could figure her thus caressing her father's hand, or the hand of a dear friend. Her soft eyes were upon my face as she addressed me, and there was light enough to enable me to distinguish a little encouraging smile full of sweetness upon her lips.

If ever strength is to be given to a man in a time of bitter anxiety and peril, the inspiration of spirit must surely come from such a little woman as this. I felt the influence of her manner and of her presence.

"You have a fine spirit, Helga," said I. "Your name should be Nelson instead of Nielsen. The blood of nothing short of the greatest of English captains should be in your veins."

She laughed softly and answered, "No, no! I am a Dane first. Let me be an English girl next."

Well, I again endeavoured to persuade her to withdraw to her bunk, but she begged hard to remain with me, and so for a long while we continued to sit and talk. Her speaking of herself as a Dane first and an Englishwoman afterwards started her on the subject of her home and childhood, and once again she talked of Kolding and of her mother, and of the time she had spent in London, and of an English school she had been put to. I could overhear the rumbling of the two fellows' voices outside. By-and-by I crawled out and found the rain had ceased; but it was pitch dark, and blowing a cold wind. Jacob had lighted the fire in the stove. His figure showed in the ruddy glare as he squatted toasting his hands. I returned to Helga, and presently Abraham arrived to ask us if we would have a drop of hot coffee. This was a real luxury at such a time. We gratefully took a mugful, and with the help of it made a midnight meal off a biscuit and a little tinned meat.

How we scraped through those long, dark, wet hours I will not pretend to describe. Towards the morning Helga fell asleep by my side on the sail upon which we were crouching, but for my part I could get no rest, nor, indeed, did I strive or wish for it. One thing coming on top of another had rendered me unusually nervous, and all the while I was thinking that our next experience might be the feeling some great shearing stem of a sailing ship or steamer striking into the lugger and drowning the lot of us before we could well realise what had happened. I was only easy in my mind when the boatmen carried the lantern out from under the overhanging deck for some purpose or other.

It came at last, however, to my being able no longer to conceal my apprehensions, and then, after some talk and a bit of hearty "pooh-poohing" on the part of Abraham, he consented to secure the light to the stump of the mast.

This might have been at about half past three o'clock in the morning, when the night was blacker than it had been at any previous hour; and then a very strange thing followed. I had returned to my shelter, and was sitting lost in thought, for Helga was now sleeping. The two boatmen were in the open, but what they were about I could not tell you. I was sunk deep in gloomy thought, as I have said, when on a sudden I heard a sound of loud bawling. I went out as quickly as my knees would carry me, and the first thing I saw was the green light of a ship glimmering faintly as a glow-worm out in the darkness abeam. I knew her to be a sailing-ship, for she showed no masthead light, but there was not the dimmest outline to be seen of her. Her canvas threw no pallor upon the midnight wall of atmosphere. But for that fluctuating green light, showing so illusively that one needed to look a little on one side of it to catch it, the ocean would have been as bare as the heavens, so far as the sight went. One after the other the two boatmen continued to shout "Ship ahoy!" in hearty roaring voices, which they sent flying through the arching of their hands; but the light went sliding on, and in a few minutes the screen in which it was hung eclipsed it, and it was all blackness again, look where one would.

There was nothing to be said about this to the men. I crept back to Helga, who had been awakened by the hoarse shouts.

"Some sailing-vessel has passed us," said I, in answer to her inquiry, "as we may know by the green light; but how near or far I cannot tell. Yet it is more likely than not, Helga, that but for my begging Abraham to keep a light showing that same ship might have run us down."

We conversed awhile about the vessel and our chances, and then her voice grew languid again with drowsiness, and she fell asleep.

Some while before dawn the rain ceased, the sky brightened, and here and there a star showed. I had been out overhanging the gunwale with Abraham, and listening to him as he talked about his mate Thomas, and how the children were to manage now that the poor fellow was taken, when the grey of the dawn rose floating into the sky off the black rim of the sea.

In a short time the daylight was abroad, with the pink of the coming sun swiftly growing in glory among the clouds in the east. Jacob sat sleeping in the bottom of the boat, squatting Lascar fashion—a huddle of coat and angular knees and bowed head. I got upon a thwart and sent a long thirsty look round.

"By Heaven, Abraham!" I cried, "nothing in sight, as I live to say it! What, in the name of hope, has come to the sea?"

"We're agoing to have a fine day, I'm thankful to say," he answered, turning up his eyes. "But, Lord! what a wreck the lugger looks!"

The poor fellow was as haggard as though he had risen from a sick-bed, and this sudden gauntness or elongation of countenance was not a little heightened by a small powdering of the crystals of salt lying white under the hollow of each eye where the brine that had been swept up by the squall had lodged and dried.

"Hi, Jacob!" he cried; "rouse up, matey! Day's broke, and there's work to be done."

Jacob staggered to his feet with many contortions and grimaces.

"Chock-a-block with rheumatics," he growled; "that's how the sea serves a man. They said it 'ud get warmer the farder we drewed down this way; but if this be what they calls *warm*, give me the scissors and thumbscrews of a Janivary gale in the Jarman Ocean." He gazed slowly around him, and fixed his eyes on the stump of the mast. "Afore we begin, Abraham," said he, "I must have a drop of hot coffee."

"Right," answered the other; "a quarter of an hour isn't going to make any difference."

A fire was kindled, a kettle of water boiled, and, Helga now arriving, the four of us sat, every one with a mug of the comforting steaming beverage in his hand, while the two boatmen settled the procedure of strengthening the wounded spar by "fishing it," as it is termed, and of making sail afresh.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF A LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

The Life of Henry Dawson, Landscape-Painter. (Seeley and Co.)—This life-story of a landscape-painter reveals an interesting personality, and is a striking addition to the long roll of the struggles of genius. Although it is the old story of the ruling passion forcing its way in spite of all obstacles, it is told by the artist himself with an outspoken candour not always found in autobiography. The painter's own narrative is supplemented by notes written by his son, who, in addition to compiling the book, has illustrated it by some excellent photo-engravings from the best of his father's pictures. The one blemish in Dawson's otherwise fine character seems to have been his self-esteem, or, as he calls it, his "modest vanity." He was quite aware of it himself. He had a good opinion of his own powers as a painter, and did not care to conceal it. When there was an exhibition of his pictures at his native town of Nottingham, he went to see them, and thus expresses his satisfaction: "My pictures delighted me; they are a grand show—kings in art. I don't think the work of any landscape-painter living or dead could be put in competition with them."

Born and reared in poverty, Henry Dawson began his working life at eight years of age by turning a wheel at a Nottingham rope-walk, and afterwards by winding cotton balls, at which he earned one shilling and threepence a week. He tells us that his first essays in art were performed on the top of a bellows with a piece of chalk. Then he became the happy possessor of a threepenny box of water-colours, a halfpenny blacklead pencil, and a halfpenny camel's-hair brush. With these artistic implements, without copies of any kind, without help or advice, and guided only by instinct, he gained something like a sensation of form, although in the humblest way possible. In the midst of it all he was winding twist bobbins, making wire fenders, and helping his mother in her work of embroidering hose. He worked at many trades, including lace-making, before he adopted art as a profession, at the age of twenty-four. He sold most of his early pictures to a hairdresser and picture-dealer, and at length was able to visit London for the purpose of taking a few lessons from Pyne, the landscape-painter. This was the only art training Dawson ever received.

When Dawson began to send his pictures for exhibition, the British Institution was, after the Royal Academy, the best exhibition in London. At the British Institution he was always well hung, but he did not succeed so well at the Academy. He frequently complains of being "skied," and formed the opinion that the Academy was "a body acting for the purpose of crushing landscape art in all who try to win their way by it." If there was ever any truth in this, it is so no longer, as recent elections testify; but at the time in question there was, perhaps, some reason for thinking that landscape art was neglected by the Academy, when a man like Linnell never received any official recognition. However this may be, Dawson made no objection when his friend John Philip proposed to bring his name forward as a candidate for the Associateship. The nomination was seconded by Creswick, and this disposes of the common opinion that Creswick was opposed to the admission into the Academy of any landscape-painter after he himself was elected. When the election came on, Dawson received only one vote—that of Ansdell; both Philip and Creswick being too ill to attend.

Finding himself, at the age of forty, still in comparative obscurity, Dawson determined to show some of his pictures to John Ruskin and ask his advice as to whether he should abandon his hope in art. Ruskin thought well of his work, and recommended him to persevere. This advice he followed, and thus showed that he had more faith in Ruskin than he had in art critics generally, whose opinions he pronounced to be "mischievous rubbish."

It is admitted that Dawson's place in art is not easy to define. He was neither a Turner, a Constable, nor a Linnell; but he undoubtedly possessed some of the highest qualities of a landscape-painter. The volume before us, so lovingly dedicated to his memory, gives a faithful account of a remarkable career. It is a valuable contribution to the history of English art, and is a fitting memorial of a good man and a distinguished artist.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have at length found time to collate and summarise the many letters I have received from courteous correspondents in reply to my inquiry for information respecting the alleged effects produced by the moon—(1) on human beings sleeping under its rays, and (2) on fish and meat exposed to its influence. I may be permitted, first of all, to thank my correspondents, one and all, for their letters. It is only through evidence of this kind that the actual facts and inferences regarding any occult or unexplained phenomena can be respectively ascertained and deduced. We must have facts, first of all, in any scientific inquiry; and for the facts I am indebted to the kindness of many interested readers of this column.

I have divided my correspondents into three classes. First come those who have a firm faith in the moon's influence over sleepers, asserting that it may cause paralysis of the face on the side next the moon, and that the moon draws the sleeper's face towards her. The second class includes those writers who simply detail facts observed, leaving the explanation to science. The third class includes the sceptics and those who profess that any effects observable after sleeping in the moon can be explained by a reference to ordinary causes other than those relating to lunar influences. Moon-blindness I leave outside the present discussion, seeing that it is apparently to be regarded as a form of eye-disorder dependent on conditions affecting the retina, or nervous network of the eye. As night-blindness (which is really the same thing as moon-blindness, I presume) is known to occur under conditions with which the moon has nothing whatever to do, it is clear the moon's supposed special influence in causing this affection must count for nothing. Sir William Moore, M.D., Surgeon-General with the Government of Bombay, who has favoured me with a copy of his work on the "Diseases of India" (in which he devotes a special chapter to the moon), must be ranked with the sceptics in this matter. I will refer to his remarks later on. Meanwhile, with reference to moon-blindness, Sir W. Moore remarks that this ailment merely represents a semi-paralysed and congested state of the retina. It simulates day-blindness or night-blindness, but the patient is often blind temporarily both by night and by day. My authority adds that the ailment is most liable to occur in scrofulous persons. Here, it would seem, we have a constitutional malady forming a predisposing cause of moon-blindness, an affection produced by brightness of light-rays paralysing the retina in a well-understood manner, but without any occult or mysterious conditions attending its onset, as the more superstitious among us like to believe.

Dealing now with the evidence regarding the effect of the lunar rays on meat and fish exposed to their influence (alleged to cause the meat and fish to develop poisonous properties), I find many of my correspondents giving instances of this action. One writer details how, after eating mackerel, caught in the Thames, and which had been allowed to hang in the moonlight, he was taken seriously ill; the ailment being attributed to the moon's rays having acted on the fish. Another correspondent says that the Geelong fishermen always cover with a sail the fish they catch at night, to keep the moon's rays from shining on them. A third writer tells how bonitos and tunny, caught by the sailors of his ship, caused grave illness through having been eaten after they had been exposed to the rays of a full tropical moon. A yachtsman who had trawled much tells me that on one occasion he hung up on the shrouds half his haul of fish, and kept the other half under hatches, with the result that when he had some of the fish which had been exposed to moonlight cooked for breakfast they stank abominably, while the others, which had been covered, were perfectly sweet when cooked some time afterwards. His skipper was taken ill after eating part of the first and exposed lot.

One's finding on the head of meat and fish exposed to moonlight must be, I think, that while undoubtedly both may become tainted, the fact is not in itself corroborative of the influence of the lunar rays. Sir W. Moore says that the tainting of meat does not occur if it is sufficiently protected—a remark with which my correspondents agree—but he adds that "when meat becomes tainted during a moonlight night it is from the operation of insects which the moonlight lures from the retreats they pass the dark nights in, and not from the moonlight itself." This explanation, however, will not meet the case of meat and fish exposed at sea. I have, however, an explanation which may make matters clear. We now know that all kinds of meat, and especially fish, are liable to undergo chemical changes as a consequence of putrefaction which results in the development of the poisons called *ptomaines*. Now, in tropical regions, an exposure of a few hours is sufficient to set up these putrefactive changes, and as the *ptomaines* act exactly as my correspondents describe the fish to act in producing sickness, vomiting, diarrhoea, and collapse, I think our rational explanation of the alleged lunar influence must be simply that of assuming the development of injurious products of decomposition. All the symptoms alleged to occur after eating moonlight-poisoned fish are those of poisoning by *ptomaines*. I can find no evidence that the moon has anything whatever to do with the matter; and we certainly meet with the same effects in persons who eat tainted meat which has never been exposed to moonlight at all.

If I have ranged myself on the side of the sceptics so far, I feel compelled to continue my adherence to that body in the final matter of the moon's influence on sleepers. No one doubts for a moment that paralysis of one side of the face may result from sleeping in the moonlight. What one doubts is that the moonlight is the cause of the condition, inasmuch as like results follow from sleeping on a verandah or on a ship's deck when there is no moon at all. Again, at least four of my correspondents tell me they have repeatedly slept in the moonlight in South Africa, Australia, India, and elsewhere, without experiencing any bad or unusual effects at all. It is much more likely that when paralysis, toothache, neuralgia, or headache results after a night in the moon, these ailments represent the effects of damp, chill, and malarious influences. Sir W. Moore adds that as regards moon-paralysis this term is a misnomer. What is thus described is merely the benumbing of a limb, from which, of course, recovery is quick and certain. In short, we find on examination of all the details that there is no ailment peculiar to the moon-struck individual. What he describes is caused by the conditions which operate everywhere in producing

illness, and of these conditions probably the most effective is chill. So, also, we learn that the idea that fevers in India were most prevalent at the new and full moon periods is baseless. Sir W. Moore showed the falsity of this idea in the *Indian Medical Gazette* for 1867. I cannot hope to have exploded the moon-struck myth in this summary manner; but I trust I may have suggested, with the help of my correspondents, certain explanations of events which are too apt to be judged by the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* method. Finally, I still wait for someone to inform me if there is any evidence whatever that moonlight has anything more mysterious about it than ordinary sunlight, whereof it is only a reflection. I fear I am likely to wait on, and, if so, I must exercise the stock of patience (not, perhaps, a very large one) wherewith I have been endowed.

GEORGE MORLAND.

This water-colour sketch of Morland, by Rowlandson, is in the extremely interesting collection of drawings now on view at the British Museum, noticed in our last issue. Dressed in his favourite green coat and top boots, as described by his biographer, the artist stands before the fire in one of those public-house parlours which were his favourite haunts. Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives of British Painters," finishes his account of George Morland with these melancholy words: "The annals of genius record not a more deplorable story than Morland's." Endowed with splendid talents, he wasted his life in dissipation, was constantly in debt, and at last died in a spunging-house before he had completed his fortieth year. He was buried in the cemetery attached to St. James's Chapel, in the Hampstead Road. This cemetery has lately been cut through by the North-Western Railway, and possibly the grave of this son of genius is now blotted out from all knowledge. It was said that Morland painted or drew the figure of a



GEORGE MORLAND.—BY T. ROWLANDSON.
IN THE EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

red herring on the wall of a room in a public-house in this locality to pay for the drink he had consumed on some occasion when he had no money. This public-house was the King's Head, at the corner of the Hampstead Road and the Euston Road. It is partly shown in Hogarth's picture of the "March to Finchley." Morland's drawing on the wall was carefully preserved for many years. The house was pulled down and rebuilt some thirty years ago, when the underground railway was constructed.

Miss Kate Marsden, who recently left England for Russia and India to study the leprosy question, has been very warmly received in Moscow. Miss Marsden not only saw the Czarina, to whom she carried a letter of introduction from the Princess of Wales, but received practical support to aid her in her mission.

The World's Fair Auxiliary Association have received the following message from Lord Tennyson in reply to their tender of honorary membership, and suggestion that he should write a song to be sung at the opening of the Fair: "I accept your honorary membership, not without gratitude; but, as for the song, I am an old man verging on eighty-two, and I cannot promise one.—Yours truly, Tennyson."

It is calculated that 80 per cent. of the Lancashire lads smoke, and an attempt is being made at Manchester to do something to stop the pernicious habit. At a conference, presided over by the Mayor, Dr. Tatham, the medical officer for the city, testified that the rapid growth of the practice "is becoming an increasingly serious danger to society." Canon Hogg was for lecturing the boys in school on the wickedness of pipes and cigarettes; the Rev. H. Bone and others thought that ministers and Sunday-school superintendents and teachers would do well to set them the example by a general farewell to tobacco—a suggestion which has since been formally approved. Finally, it was resolved that these gentle measures should be, if possible, supplemented by a law prohibiting lads under the age of sixteen from smoking, and rendering it illegal to sell, give, or furnish tobacco in any form to children under that age. Some speakers were ever in favour of raising the limit to eighteen.

UP THE SEINE TO ROUEN.

Normandy, to many English visitors, is the most attractive and interesting French province. Some of us are still Normans, and we look with much regard on the fair country of our valiant ancestors, to whom, after the conquest of slothful Saxondom, we owe the creation of this realm, with its political and civil administration, and the introduction of social refinement, the institutions, laws, arts, and manners that adorned the Latinised nations of Western Europe. If we claim rather to be Saxons or Angles, where is the land, on the opposite shores of the German Ocean, that exhibits such monuments and visible traces of an antique Saxon civilisation as to bid us glory in our descent from a highly gifted Teutonic race? Of the Danish and Norse elements in the actual composition of England, perhaps something could be said more agreeable to national self-complacency, proving affinity with noble Scandinavian Vikings, who also planted in Normandy that vigorous stock of mankind, warriors and rulers hardly inferior to the Romans, qualified to lay the foundations of modern kingdoms when the ages of barbarous anarchy were past.

These reflections, with the multitude of local associations in Normandy recalling incidents that belong to the history of the English monarchy and aristocracy, and of the ecclesiastical establishment here, long conducted by Norman prelates, make the instructed survey of that country a congenial study. And it is a beautiful country to the eye, along both banks of the majestic Seine, a river that nowhere fails to charm the traveller with its succession of varied landscape, having no dull marsh-flats in its lower course, but lively towns, ports, and thriving villages; old baronial castles, stately ruined abbeys, great forests, picturesque chalk cliffs, wooded hills, bright cornfields, rich meadows, and fruit-gardens, on either side—how unlike the Lower Thames! From Havre to Rouen by the steam-boat, passing Harfleur and Honfleur, Tancarville, Lillebonne, and Quillebeuf, Caudebec, La Meilleray, the Abbey of Jumieges, and the windings of the river through rising grounds clad with verdure of park or woodland, is a delightful inland voyage. Above Rouen, and from Elbeuf to Pont de l'Arche, the forest recedes, but the country has a most pleasing aspect; the pretty town of Vernon, the stupendous ruins of Château Gaillard, built by King Richard Cœur de Lion, and the valley of the Andelle, with its quaint villages, Les Andelys, the birthplace of Poussin, invite nearer inspection. The Seine, indeed, should be preferred to any other route of entrance into France merely for the sake of finding natural beauty and objects of interest to the observer; just as one would like to enter Germany by the Rhine.

The city of Rouen, a hundred miles up the Seine from Havre, occupies a queenly seat on the hill rising from the north bank, overlooking the river, here 1000 ft. wide, nearly as broad as the Thames in London. Islands lie just above the Pont Corneille, which is adorned with a statue of the great dramatic poet, a native of Rouen; on the south side is the industrial suburb of St. Sever. Rouen is a great cotton-manufacturing town, but not sordid and smoky. The quays are busy and cheerful; they are connected by the Rue du Grand Pont, the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, and the Rue de la République with the upper part of the town, beyond the Rue Thiers, emerging on airy boulevards. Between these limits are quaint old-fashioned streets, with gable-roofed, timber-fronted mansions, having the air of well-preserved antiquity, and several fine Gothic edifices, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Church of St. Maclou, the Abbey Church of St. Ouen, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Tour de la Grosse Horloge, and the Hôtel Bourghérone, especially notable. The Cathedral was founded in the ninth century, and the first Duke of Normandy, Rollo, was baptised here in the name of Robert; but the existing Gothic structure was begun in the thirteenth century, aided by gifts of money from King John of England, though its western portal, an unsurpassed example of the flamboyant style, is of much later date. The old tower of St. Romain, containing the clock and bells, is 246 ft. high, but the central tower is surmounted by a modern spire, of open ironwork, rising to nearly 500 ft. above the ground.

The interior of St. Ouen is grander and more beautiful than that of the Cathedral. The Church of St. Maclou is comparatively small and less ancient, but its doorway is ornamented with fine sculptures by Jean Goujon, and the cloisters, shown in our Artist's sketches, are quaint alleys of the town. Westward of the Cathedral, passing through the Rue de la Grosse Horloge, with its gate-house archway, clock, and belfry, and sculptured fountain, one approaches the stately Palais de Justice, erected in the reign of Francis I. This building forms three sides of a square; the central part, formerly used for the sessions of the provincial parliament of Normandy, is superbly decorated, in a style of mixed Gothic and Renaissance art, with pinnacles, statues, fantastic gargoyles, sculptured garlands, and delicate tracery in stone. Near this is the Place de la Pucelle, where the patriotic and saintly heroine Joan of Arc was burnt alive as a sorceress, in 1431, a prisoner of the English, but condemned and sentenced by the French Bishop of Beauvais, and abandoned by her own King Charles VII. The Place de la Vieille Tour, shown in one of our Sketches, occupies the site of an ancient tower in which, it is believed, the English Prince Arthur was put to death by order of his uncle, King John.

The Commission charged with the examination into the annual awards of medals "for civil valour" has decided, says the Rome correspondent of the *Standard*, to confer the gold medal on the King. A full statement of all the circumstances attending the fall of a house in Rome on Jan. 8, and the subsequent rescue of four workmen from the ruins, at considerable peril to the workers, shows that the King hastened to the spot immediately on hearing of the accident, and remained there for four hours, directing and encouraging the rescue party. His Majesty also was the first to descend a rickety ladder, let down into the cellar, whence the muffled cries of the buried men could be heard, and while the very difficult work of rescue went on continually encouraged the unfortunate men with the assurance of coming help. One man, whose head and shoulders were above the débris, but whose legs were held fast by heavy beams, which it took hours to remove, was especially sustained by the King's steady courage. The danger of a fresh fall in the ruins was considerable; but King Humbert held his poor half-buried subject by the hand, to put heart and hope into him, gave him wine with his own hand, and did not leave the spot till all the men were brought out alive. To one poor fellow, who feebly tried to thank him as he lay on a stretcher with a crushed foot, the King said, "Don't talk now: it will make you worse. You will soon be all right again."



RAMBLING SKETCHES: ROUEN, NORMANDY.



ARRIVAL AT A POST-HOUSE: STOPPING TO CHANGE HORSES.



"BON VOYAGE!" DEPARTURE FROM YENISEISK.

A PREHISTORIC REVIEW.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It would be undesirable to say in what part of the ruins of Naupactus, in Egypt, the papyrus was found which contains a whole file of the *Theatres*, a Chian weekly journal of the ninth century B.C. Internal evidence—for example, the use of a Greek alphabet of only sixteen letters—sufficiently proves that this is by far the oldest of all Greek manuscripts. The papyrus indicates the existence of high culture in Chios, and is doubly valuable as the only contemporary review of Homer which has reached us. We offer a translation, which is, of course, subject to the criticism of experts, and even of persons wholly unacquainted with the topic and with the Greek language. Here follows the review.

THE ODYSSEY.

Not content with that monstrous offspring of modern sensationalism, the *Iliad*, Mr. Homer now offers to the public a kind of continuation, which he calls the *Odyssey*. We need scarcely repeat our objections to the *Iliad*, a work which may have been, and we regret to say has been, widely sold among the unthinking, but which persons of culture can only regret. While Mr. Homer confined himself to describing the battles of frogs and mice, or to satire on that excellent critic Mr. Margites, we were content to smile. But when he took to writing about the wars of gods and heroes, we felt bound to remonstrate.

The *Iliad* was an ill-assorted series of chapters. It had scarcely a plot, and Mr. Homer, after killing a respectable prince, actually brought him back as chief mourner at the funeral of his lamented son! Mr. Homer appears to have constituted himself the laureate of blood and brutality. His hero, Achilles, is a sulky and cruel savage, who, after going out "on strike" for a mere personal grievance, afterwards kills many of his captives in cold blood, and maltreats the body of a gallant enemy. Mr. Homer's pages positively reek with gore. He is not content with killing off his characters in batches: he must tell us the very spot in their frames—often in a most indelicate manner—where the spear strikes them, while the spear-shaft throbs with the beating of the heart! This ferocious taste is justly repugnant to a nineteenth-century (B.C.) audience. Mr. Homer, that he might lack no fault, also dabbles wildly in the supernatural. We do not censure only his extraordinary lack of reverence. Our readers must have shuddered at the audacity which could make the Queen of Heaven a vulgar scold, and Zeus himself a henpecked husband. We refer rather to the wild inventions of talking horses, gods who assume the shape of vultures, deadly wounds which are miraculously healed at a moment's notice, and so forth, childish figments which, in this so-called ninth century B.C., may well excite astonishment and disdain.

We hoped that, in his *Iliad*, Mr. Homer had touched the very nadir of the absurdity possible even to a popular romancer. But, in his *Odyssey*, he actually outdoes himself. We gladly admit that Mr. Homer imbrues himself less in blood than has been his wont. Except for a skirmish or two with Ciconians and other queer people, a brutal affair with a fabulous monster, and an altercation with a *pieuvre* (for such we take "Scylla of the Rock" to be), Mr. Homer, for him, is content with very little bloodshed. But, as he reaches the close of his third volume, Mr. Homer warms to his work. His hero, Odysseus, with the assistance only of a pork-butcher, his own son, a cowherd, and (of course) a goddess, kills no fewer than one hundred and seventeen men in his own dining-room! Not content with this perfectly impossible and revolting massacre, Mr. Homer adds scenes of cold-blooded and heartless cruelty. He hangs a large number of young housemaids, for no reason at all except that they had, as in duty bound, attended to the guests of their mistress. Worse yet, will it be credited that Mr. Homer describes, in language which we can only reprobate, and dare not quote, a brutal fistic encounter with a pauper in receipt of outdoor relief, and the slow and obscene tortures inflicted by the hero and his friends on an unfortunate member of the labouring classes? This may please our *Upper Ten*, but we warn Mr. Homer that the peaceful and industrious Demos may be provoked past endurance. Mr. Homer has at no time shown any concern for the interests of the working classes, who, oddly enough, are among his most fanatical admirers, as the records of the Chian Free Library too sadly attest.

But we must justify our remarks by a sketch of Mr. Homer's latest and most monstrous production. The story begins when Odysseus, in the tenth year of his wanderings from Troy, has been living for eight years in a cave with a remarkable personage, an immortal woman, named Calypso. This "immortal" business, we frankly warn Mr. Homer, has been overdone. But how did Odysseus get *dans cette grotte*? This we learn from a long-winded tissue of improbabilities, with which he later gulls Alcinoüs I., the respected ancestor of the present Cyprian monarch. On leaving Troy, the hero of Mr. Homer, with his usual wanton brutality, had attacked, and, we rejoice to say, had been beaten by, a Thracian tribe. Thence the wind drove him, Heaven knows where, into one of Mr. Homer's favourite African regions, the land of the Lotus Eaters. For some unexplained reason he killed none of his hosts, but sailed on, still in the vague, till, by a ludicrous invention, he reached a country of one-eyed pastoral characters, somewhat above the middle height, the Cyclopes. Here he killed the sheep, shot the game, and generally made himself at home in a cave (Mr. Homer is fond of caves) till the shepherd came back, and, absurd to state, began eating the comrades of Odysseus. For a man who lived on milk this conduct was hardly consistent. By a piece of behaviour too common, alas! where our boasted civilisation comes in contact with early races, Odysseus made the Cyclope drunk, wine, of course, being unknown to his unsophisticated race. He then took a base and brutal advantage of his opportunity, bored the shepherd's eye out with a red-hot piece of timber, and fled. He next reached a floating island, where the King of the Winds (!) gave him all the breezes in a bag; but, as his idiotic friends open the bag, Odysseus does not profit by this generosity. He is driven back to the floating island, and thence, Mr. Homer's invention failing him, to more cannibals, where he loses all his ships but one. With this he reaches the isle of Immortal Woman number two, who turns his company into pigs. She relents (after an indelicate passage, only too much in our author's sensuous manner), and sends Odysseus—to be plain—to Hades! He returns, goes off on his voyages again, meets sirens, whirlpools, monstrous cuttle-fish, and so forth; loses all his men, and reaches alone the cave of the other Immortal Woman.

Thence he sets out on a raft, reaches Corcyra, and, after an indelicate adventure with a princess, is sent home to Ithaca. Here he finds about one hundred and twenty young men making love to his wife, and conceives the feasible project of killing the whole crew of them. Our patience fails us in an effort to analyse the magical devices, bodily transformations, and so forth by which, as we have said before, he executes this arrangement in red. Gods and goddesses, as usual, are

* By Homerus. Chios.

brought into play, by a violent abuse of the supernatural. This must leave even the least cultivated reader cold and unmoved. Our religious ideas, fortunately, are far too advanced for this kind of "machinery" to be any longer acceptable. The irreverence of the whole conception we need not urge on our readers.

It is plain, we trust, that Mr. Homer's new work has all the possible faults. It is bloodthirsty, grossly sensational, sensual beyond even his previous essays in this line. On this point, however, for obvious reasons, we decline to dwell in the columns of a serial meant for family reading. Again, Mr. Homer *doubles his effects*. He has two immortal women, both, of course, in love with his violent and crafty hero. He has two caves; he has two sets of cannibals. It was left for Mr. Homer to be pedantic. His style is a forced imitation of the old Epic dialect, and fatigues by its sham simplicity and pseudo-archaisms. For example, Mr. Homer appends *α* to the optative, apparently regarding this as an arbitrary suffix. But enough of this pedantry. Mr. Homer's whole story is a flagrant example of modern sensationalism, and above all, and worst of all, this *Odyssey* of his, with its barbarities, its impossibilities, its magic, its transformations, is absolutely and essentially *un-Greek*. Thanks to the lamented absence of copyright with the colonies and with Egypt, this deplorable work is only too likely to go forth as an example of our popular literature. We have done our best to prevent such a melancholy misconception, and to deter Mr. Homer from persevering in his present fatal though, we fear, lucrative fashion of romancing in the manner of Mr. Hippotes Hierax.*

Here ends this remarkable fragment, which shows that criticism has always and everywhere been very critical. There is reason to suppose that the review was from the pen of "that excellent critic, Mr. Margites," referred to above, who, according to Homer, "knew many things, but knew them all wrong."

CARAN D'ACHE AT HOME.

Passy is the St. John's Wood of artistic Paris; and it is there,



CARAN D'ACHE.

close to the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne on the one side and the Trocadéro on the other, that the greatest French caricaturist of modern days has set up his quaint household gods on the ground floor *appartement* of a large modern six-storey house. To the *prim concierge* he is not the mirth-provoking fantastic artist known to "Tont Paris" as Caran d'Aché, but simply Monsieur Emanuel Poiré, a young gentleman working early and late, averse to receiving strange visitors, and leading the sober, rather dull life which is the common lot of every French bourgeois.

Imagine a large low room, lined with unvarnished wooden book-shelves, filled, till they heave beneath the weight, with sketch-books, English and American unbound comic papers, military maps, &c., and topped by a broad ledge on which rests an *omnium gatherum* accumulation of military headgear, old and up-to-date, English, Russian, and French mementoes of many a battlefield and siege; for our host's friends, knowing his taste in such things, are always adding to the collection. Over the plain, square working table a trophy of Russian and French flags blend their faded colours in a harmonious whole against the whitewashed wall, and form a fitting background to the tall, well-knit figure of "Caran d'Aché."

"Yes, all these things are, to a certain extent, 'properties,' but it is not as models that I have them round me. I have been a soldier, and always longed in old days to become a military painter. These képis and bearskins are all that is left to me to remind me of my former ideal, though I still hope to do some serious work later on."

"What made you first think of becoming a caricaturist?"

"You know I am half Russian, by nationality. My grandfather was an officer in the *Grande Armée*, and during the Russian campaign he fell in love with a Muscovite lady, married her, and settled in her country. Still he always retained, and brought up his son in, the French nationality; and when I was eighteen I left Moscow, as in duty bound, and came to perform my five years' obligatory military service in the French army. Partly to amuse my comrades, and because I liked drawing, I was always sketching and 'taking off' my barrack surroundings, but as this might have got me into trouble I never signed these effusions with my own name, but adopted the Russian word for lead pencil, 'Carandache.' Edouard Detaille saw some of my work, and encouraged me to persevere with drawing, which he declared was my true vocation."

"And had you any special master?"

"No, I never worked in an *atelier*. Everything I do must come to me naturally, by inspiration. I have never even drawn from models. The Napoleonic era is to me the greatest epoch in French history, and I should like to be always illustrating it. It was with a view to doing this that I revived the old shadow performances at the Chat Noir."

"You mean the 'Epopée'?"

"Yes, I cut out and arranged every figure of the show myself. That sort of thing is my relaxation from work. Just now I am completing a series of thirty large pictures; but I do not know when or where they will be exhibited—perhaps in London, who knows? In any case, not at the Salon!"

"I suppose you do a great deal of work for England and America?"

"Yes, I have as much and even more than I can do. I admire some of your English humorous artists very much, and try to resemble them in at least one point—that of always producing work fit for what I may call family circulation. Our comic papers cannot be given to young girls and children, and by this they lose a large public, and give less pleasure to the world at large than do your *Punch*, *Judy*, &c. Yes, I like to feel that I can give any one of my picture-books to the little folks who are such a keenly appreciative public, when anything funny is on the tapis."

"Have you regular hours for work?"

"No, I draw when the inspiration seizes me, and am sometimes, I fear, rather lazy. Subjects suggest themselves to me as I walk along the street observing the passers-by and their strange idiosyncrasies. I always write the *légende* that accompanies my work, and prefer illustrating a kind of tale in six or ten parts (on one page, of course) to drawing one comic incident or scene."

* This is an obscure and probably inexplicable allusion to some lost contemporary.

IN TIME OF YELLOW FEVER.

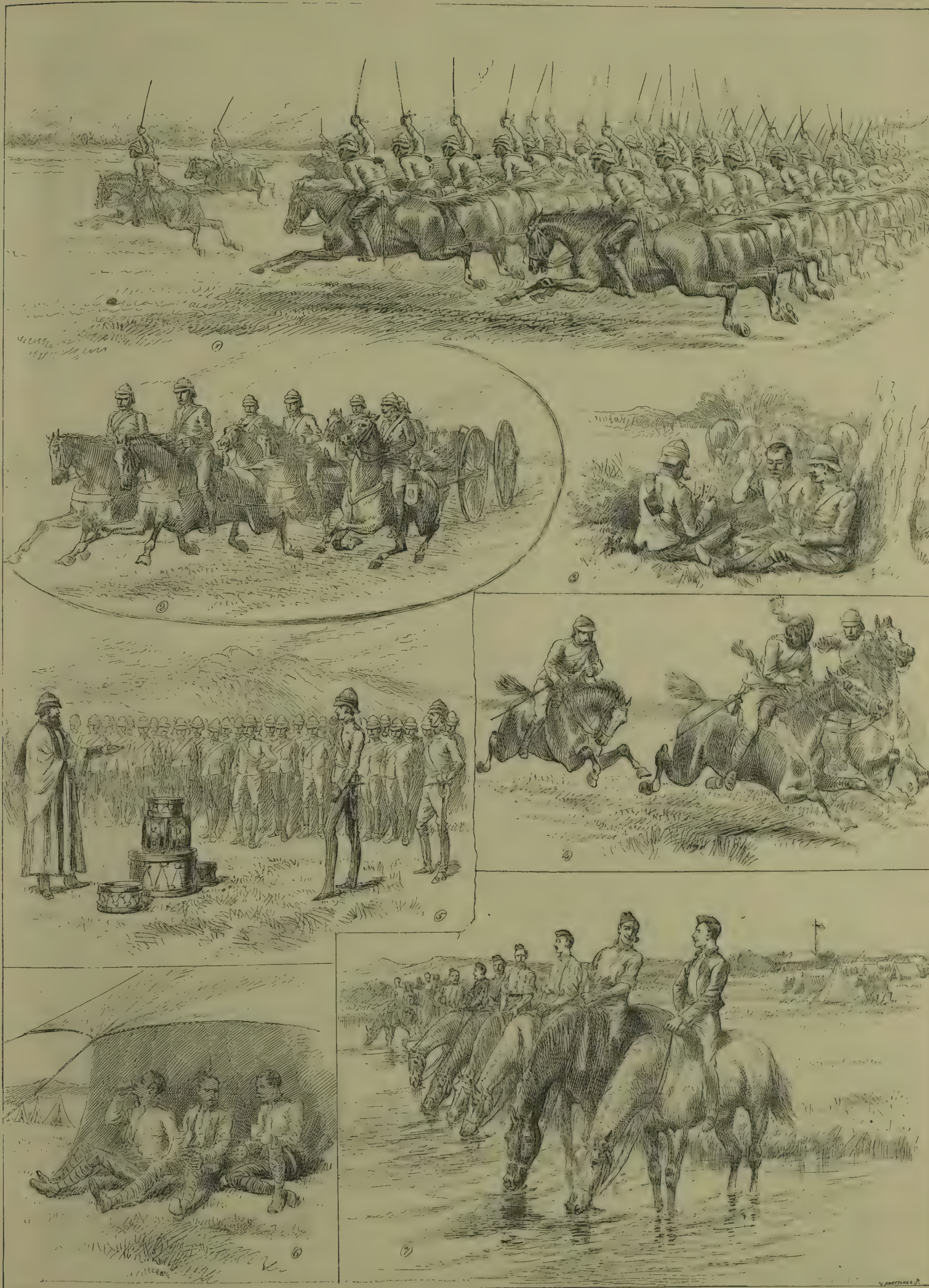
A REMINISCENCE.

"He died of yellow fever." He was a new-comer to our colony, which lay about six degrees north of the Equator, and the words placed between inverted commas passed from mouth to mouth in awestruck whispers. The report, doubted at first and then confirmed, fell like a thunderbolt on the sea-board city. It was like "the cannon's opening roar" which scattered the merry dancers at the famous Brussels ball of June 1815. Our dwellings, embowered in jessamine and all the fairest floral life, had been free of the scourge over long years, and now it seemed to have come. It *had* come. As long as possible the inconvenient fact was scouted by those in authority; for the hygienic repute of a tropical country is of much importance, and its children are very sensitive to any reflection which may be cast upon it. Soon it was of no avail blinking matters. One by one the newcomers, or those who had landed any time within the previous two years, died, and everybody knew of what they died. We were not so many altogether, we comparatively recent arrivals, and, as one after another went down, each of us naturally wondered if he would be the next. I know I was occasionally engaged in that unhappy preoccupation. Then there was something so appallingly sharp and summary about the ways of "Yellow Jack." You heard a man was ill, and on the third day after he was dead. I remember calling on a young clergyman who complained of feeling feverish. "I don't think this colony suits me," he said. "I shall go home!" That was on Thursday night. The following Sunday he was buried. Yes, there was the burying, which came, to my northern notions, so horribly swift after death. As soon as life was extinct the body was—at least, so I have always understood—placed in coal-trappings, and, twelve hours after, it would be laid in the cemetery of the palm-trees. The tomb came terribly close on life. Yet through the melancholy days the sea-breeze blew, the air was full of pleasant odours of flower and fruit, and the pestilence struck us all as out of place. The odds were greater against one than in a big battle, and there was none of the intoxicating excitement of action; only the dull dread that one might perish, hopeless, helpless, like a dog in a ditch. It was that most cruel paradox, a darkest nightmare in the most brilliant sunlight.

Still, there were moments of laughter and grim humour. Stricken folk delayed so little in dying that friends and acquaintance had to push their inquiries briskly after intelligence of the illness, if they wished to be present at the funeral. "Mr. Brown called to ask after you," said a black imp, with laughing eyes, to me one morning soon after the tub. I hurried down to the verandah. There was Brown, aghast, and, I thought, with a shadow of discontent on his face, as one who had had a morning walk in a broiling sun for nothing. "I heard," he remarked deprecatingly, and hesitated. I finished the sentence for him. In fact, he meant to have seen me put under ground, and was disappointed. Rumour is mendacious, even where earth looks the sun straight in the face. I thanked Brown for his courtesy, and he went off to his breakfast a sadder and a wiser man. An act of politeness of this type was credited with the cure of a bad case of yellow fever. The principal salaried musician of the colony, Mr. Trombone, lay at the colonial hospital sick of the prevalent fever, and his life was despaired of. There was only one man in the colony who was capable of filling Mr. Trombone's post when it became vacant. He would not have refused the appointment, if circumstances should allow of its being offered to him. The rumour came to his ears that the State musician was dead. Therefore he toiled all the way to the Colonial hospital, where he arrived hot and perspiring. Wiping his brow at the entrance to the ward he sought, he asked distinctly and earnestly, "At what time will Mr. Trombone be buried?" Mr. Trombone heard him, not in the Elysian Fields, but on his couch where he lay fever-stricken. He knew that the anxious inquirer had an eye on his berth, and he had his own opinion about the inquirer's merits—in a word, he did not like the inquirer. Mr. Trombone was a choleric man. In an instant he bounded from his bed, which lay near the door, and, glaring at his astonished rival, overwhelmed him with a volley of blank, blank, blank—Saxon and Norman expletives, and then went back to bed, not to die, but to get better. The early morning visit resuscitated the will to live. Mr. Trombone would not die to suit that blank fellow, and Mr. Trombone didn't. In most things, where there's a will there's a way.

Of all the uncomfortable circumstances attending an epidemic of yellow fever not the least annoying is the persistent fashion in which some persons, Creoles especially, beg you not to be afraid. "Don't you put yourself out," said a mulatto lady to me. "You can't go unless the Old Gentleman up there wills it." She meant no irreverence as she pointed to the ceiling. After a fresh batch of deaths I went one morning to the public reading-room, and quite a group of benevolent well-wishers formed itself round and entreated me not to be nervous. Indifference to the danger was said to be a certain mode of escaping it. As I did escape the plague I assume that my conscience was quieter than they imagined it to be. In our city, by the way, there was one Waterfoot, a half-breed itinerant pedlar, who sold bird-skins, tamed wild animals, and forest and Indian curios of one sort and another. He had been a Revivalist preacher, and he once described to me "his fall from grace." In he came, when the days of gloom were at their most sombre pitch. "Don't be afraid of the fever, Sah," he said: "you all right. Only good people die, Sah." No wutless people taken: you make yo' mind easy, Sah. "What the — do you mean, Waterfoot?" I asked. "That's like your impudence." "Look, Sah!" he went on: "you know Mr. Harry Jones. He too good, Sah. He give me a dallah [dollar] for a skin not wut a gill [penny]. Last time I see him, he say, 'Dere, Waterfoot, dere's a tree bit piece [shilling] fo' yo' self.' Now Mr. Harry dead, Sah. Mr. William, his brudder, he too wutless. The other day I say to him, 'Mr. William, Sah, I hope I meet you in hebbin, Sah.' He say, quite sharp, Sah, 'Waterfoot, if I meet you in hebbin I'll take up my hat and walk out.' He too wutless, Sah; and he live now. I got no feah, Sah: you get trough all right." As I would not buy any tunka beans or incense gum, or a monkey or a parrot that morning, Waterfoot departed to leave me to meditate upon the reassuring character of his remarks. There was a funny side even to those days of death. Nevertheless, taking it all in all, my experience of a yellow-fever visitation is not to be recalled altogether without a shiver. For weeks and months the chances were too great that, at any moment, an unseen, remorseless hand might lay one low, launching one suddenly out of brightness and keen vitality among the death-shadows.

F. B.



1. The 21st Hussars charging the guns.
2. Hussars bringing in a captured gun.

3. A quiet game of cards in the hour of rest.
4. A Capture.

5. Church Parade.
6. In the shade of the canteen.
7. Watering horses in the early morning.

CAVALRY MANŒUVRES OF THE BANGALORE DIVISION, MADRAS PRESIDENCY, INDIA.

FROM SKETCHES BY GRANVILLE B. BAKER.



"THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE OF CHRIST."

PICTURE BY BOUGUEREAU, IN THE PARIS SALON 1890.



SUNDAY AT SEA.

LITERATURE.

SOME ELEGANT VERSE.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

It is now thirty-three years since the original edition of "Ionica" (George Allen) fell from the press like a pebble cast into the stream of Time, creating for the moment but one of those faint ripples which are eternally being made, and eternally being smoothed away. But after not many years the author might have testified with Longfellow—

The song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Pieces were cited, transcribed, repeated. "Anteros" and "Mimnermus in Church," at least, became "possessions for everlasting" with many refined minds. The author began to be inquired for, and was recognised as having achieved a distinctive position as the laureate of the affection between master and pupil, and the interpreter to modern days of the warm but pure admiration of masculine beauty which characterised ancient Greece in its best days. We now find that the poetic impulse has not forsaken the writer during the intervening third of a century, but, although apparently an unfrequent visitant, has inspired a new flight of pieces numerically almost equal to the first impression. We cannot say that the writer's unique position is maintained. In ceasing to be connected with a great public school he has sacrificed the main factor of his genius. The new poems are graceful, elegant, sometimes arch and piquant, always true literature, and by no means devoid of true poetical feeling. But the minstrel has stepped down from his peculiar niche, and paces earth in the train of Præd, by no means fully abreast with him. The elegiac of Anteros now sings of Euphrasie and Eulalie, and his maidens are not worth his boys. He is best when recurring in some measure to the old love, as in the really beautiful lines entitled "A Retrospect of School Life," which still border closely on the region of *vers de société*, and fail to thrill like our old favourites—

I, poor passionate Teucer, dare
Go through the homeless world with you.

or—

Your chilly stars I can forego,
This warm kind world is all I know.

The fault may be in ourselves, and we will let the poet plead his own cause in lines perfectly warranted by their theme (the reception of "Maud"), and which sedate criticism, seeming to itself mature, may ponder with advantage—

One's feelings lose poetic flow
Soon after twenty-seven or so;
Professionalising moral men
Thenceforth admire what pleased them then.
The poems bought in youth they read,
And say them over like their creed.
All autumn-crops of rhyme seem strange,
Their intellect resents the change.
They cannot follow to the end
Their more susceptible college-friend.
He's ever young, and they get old;
Poor things, they deem him over-bold;
What wonder, if they stare and scold?

There certainly is such a thing as the illusion of disillusion; but we scarcely think that we are evincing it in preferring the old Ionics to the new.

NOVELS.

The Secret of the Princess. By Mrs. Sutherland Edwards. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—Her familiar acquaintance with Russian domestic life and manners, from a long residence at Moscow in her youth, has enabled Mrs. Sutherland Edwards to describe with fidelity the home scenes of this story, which is enlarged with incidents of the defence of Sebastopol, and with a romantic escape from Siberian exile. These materials are neatly combined in an interesting narrative, which engages our sympathy for a noble Russian family, the widowed Princess Volhonsky and her two daughters, Marie and Natalie, usually called "Nellie," and Sergius, her only son. The elder lady, still in the prime of life, a good mother and kindly mistress, has to deplore in silence a terrible misfortune, involving no real guilt. In the very first chapter, arriving with her family at the rural manor-house of Dubrovina, she is alarmed, having retired for the night, by a tumultuous mob of peasants around the house, whom she does not know to be despairing friendly neighbours, seeking her aid to spare them from military conscription. She sees at the bedroom window a man's face, is terrified lest he should have climbed up to force an entrance for plunder and outrage, fires a pistol at him, sees him fall, and next morning a man wounded mortally has been carried away. She presently receives a letter from her brother Pavel, a proscribed conspirator against the Emperor Nicholas, lately released from prison. He informs her that, in company with his friend Count Gregory Storonoff, who had once been a devoted admirer of the Princess, he had come to see Dubrovina once more, on the eve of going to stir up an insurrection in the south-western provinces. They had, without any thought of harm, followed the crowd of peasants, who meant no violence, wailing and crying for protection outside the mansion. Storonoff had got a ladder and rashly ascended to the window, only to satisfy an enthusiastic wish to look into the dwelling of the lady he loved. Her shot had struck him down, and she is left with the distressing belief of his death having been caused by her own hasty action. This is all "the Secret of the Princess," but the author and the reader know, while the Princess does not, that Storonoff was not killed; he was taken care of, and brought to thoughts of religion, by a worthy village priest, entered the Donskoi Monastery at Moscow, and became head of that venerable community, after two or three years of study.

The other parts of the family history, to our mind, are more engaging in the personal characters and relations and in the agreeable exhibition of social life. The young Princess Marie, beautiful and rather foolish, is enamoured of a vain Polish gentleman, poor but of good birth, named Pan Tarnowski, her brother's tutor; when he is dismissed she runs away, not with him, but with an old disguised beggar in his confidence, to the house of his mother in an obscure suburb of Moscow. She is pursued by her brother and her mother, is recaptured by the police, and is sent to the Devitchy Convent School; while Tarnowski, convicted of political offences, is summarily ordered to Siberia by General Zadoysky, the Governor of Moscow. It is the time of the Crimean War. Prince Sergius has a commission in one of the regiments forming the garrison at Sebastopol; and many of his friends are there. We are reminded of Count Leo Tolstoy's vivid and exact description of daily life in the beleaguered city, and of the

experiences of Russian soldiers in the Flagstaff Battery and the Malakhoff, of continual bombardments and repeated assaults. But the authoress has been sparing of the horrors of warfare, presenting rather some anecdotes of social conviviality among the officers and ladies and gentlemen lodging in the town. With a slightly improbable plot, this novel has sufficient literary merit, and its tone is sensible and candid, permitting us to appreciate the good qualities of the Russian nation.

George: A Story in Drab and Scarlet. By the Author of "Our Own Pompeii." Three vols. (D. Stott.)—The two emblematic colours named in the title-page and emblazoned on the cover of this novel signify contrasted views of life and currents of social sentiment. These tendencies, which originate in deep ethical susceptibilities, not to be eradicated from human nature, are both, on the whole, irrepressible. Quakerism, in its external features as a sectarian institution, has become less conspicuous, even in old-fashioned provincial towns, than it was in the last generation. But the spirit of quiet and frank submission to a rule of Christian morals and manners strictly in accord with the primitive theory of devout separation from the vanities of the fashionable world, and from the pride of courtly or aristocratic rank, is probably cherished by many religious folk in England with as much sincerity as it was sixty or seventy years ago. No more agreeable picture than this has been drawn of the types of character prevalent among truly consistent members of the worthy Society of Friends, the elderly men and women of good middle-class position, with minds refined by a careful education and by constant reflection upon their ideal of fidelity and duty. They are well delineated in some of the personages of the story. The gentle tender-hearted old widow lady, Mrs. East of Rockport, is an exquisitely pure specimen of such guarded holiness of life; and her friend, Jonathan Chorlbury, with his genuine liberality, his tolerance of minor differences, and his sagacity in domestic counsel, is equally good.

George East, the grandson, an orphan brought up under these peculiar influences, nevertheless exhibits, in emerging from boyhood, the effects of heredity in predilections for artistic beauty of form and colour, for music and the drama, and for romantic and martial adventures. His father, who died early, had quitted the pale of that estimable Society, fascinated by an Italian opera-singer, who also died, leaving two children—Viola, the daughter of an Italian first husband, and George, a half-brother, by the second marriage. This boy, having got access to books and pictures, including some old volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, which kindle his fancy and excite a desire for scenes and exploits more attractive than the tranquil seclusion of Quakerdom, accidentally meets his elder half-sister, who was adopted by her mother's friends in Italy, and who has become a professional vocalist and performer on the stage. Giving up his junior clerkship in the local bank, George runs away to join a travelling theatrical company with Viola in a tour as far as Cornwall; but is pursued by his Quaker uncle, a London stockbroker, who contrives to send Viola away to Italy, whereupon George enlists in a regiment of Hussars. The scarlet henceforth prevails over the drab in the complexion of this young man's personal history, as he is sent up the Nile to the Soudan with the Khartoum Expedition, accompanies the march of Sir Herbert Stewart's brigade across the Desert, and is present at the battles of Abou Klea and Metammeh, which are very well described. Some of his respectable English acquaintance who are not Quakers encounter him as a wounded soldier during their tour in Egypt; whence he returns home, arrangements for his discharge from the Army being speedily made; is kindly received by his good old grandmother, and settles to marry his sweet cousin Nelly, with a secured comfortable income.

It is a pleasant and wholesome story, neither George nor Viola being tempted by their worldly associates to depart from the ways of virtue. The moral of it all is that good people are to be found among those of every nation, of every class and creed.

Consequences. By Egerton Castle. Three vols. (Bentley.)—In a work of fiction designed, as this title might suggest, to illustrate the natural effects of a great error in conduct operating at a remote period of the individual life, there ought to be some restraint on fancy in contriving strange new situations. It is needful also to preserve the continuity of individual character. The implied dependence of the future on personal habits and outward relations formed in the course determined by one important action must be constantly kept in view. Experience teaches most of us, indeed, that this view of human affairs is but partial and obscure; for there is a reaction of the moral springs of conduct and a revulsion of sentiment, corresponding to former excesses of passion. Circumstances, too, will come into play after months or years, from causes entirely beyond the result of the past behaviour, which may have an unforeseen influence on the mature or elderly life. It must, therefore, be a very difficult imaginative problem to show what would become, in a quarter of a century, of the original character of a man like George Kerr. A rash, headstrong, fiercely violent young husband, enraged by the frivolity and vanity of his Spanish bride, had chosen, instead of shooting himself in desperate spite, to deceive her and all the world by making it appear that he was drowned. Assuming then the name of David Fargus, and having bequeathed his fortune to his wife, so that she may, if she pleases, freely, as a widow, marry again, he betakes himself to America, gathers a fresh portion of wealth, achieves renown as a leader of cavalry in the Southern States army during the Civil War, and for twenty-five years is the most independent of mankind. But it is not easy to conceive how this George Kerr, who was capable of the grossest conceivable outrage in his fit of vindictive fury, could ultimately be converted into a model of all manly virtues. The Colonel Fargus who comes to England, after this great lapse of time, is a noble hero, brave, wise, and good—a chivalrous gentleman, tenderly affectionate, sublimely patient, exquisitely considerate of the rights and feelings of others. He is then supposed to discover the existence of a son, born at Seville, his wife's parental home, a few months after the reputed death of her husband, and soon followed by her own death, of which he never heard during his long voluntary exile. But it may further be questioned whether the instinct of fatherhood would assert itself so powerfully in a masculine heart. Fathers love children whom they have brought up; scarcely the offspring whom they did not know to exist, and who have grown up quite independent of them; it may be different with mothers. Hence we find an air of unreality in the main action of this story, which exhibits Fargus devoting his rare abilities, the craft of wandering Ulysses with the serene wisdom of Mentor, to the guardianship of Lewis Kerr, approaching him as a benevolent stranger, winning his friendly confidence, guiding and helping him through perilous perplexities, while still preserving his own disguise. There is, however, some interest in this situation. The later incidents of the story do not seem to be "Consequences," but arbitrary inventions serving to dispose of its plot.

"TILLIETUDLEM CASTLE" OF "OLD MORTALITY."

We had often visited the romantic glen of the Nethan, at the head of which, cypress-like, on the high summit of beetling crags, proudly stand the ruins of Craignethan Castle, the "Tillietudlem" of Scott's immortal romance "Old Mortality." Our former pilgrimages had been lovingly accomplished either in the early summer, when the tassels of the larches were in their richest green, when the new leaves of the beeches hung like emerald transparencies, and when the grateful air was laden with the perfume of the hawthorn; or in the mellow autumn-tide, when the westering sun had begun to sink earlier in the day, when the reaper's song could be heard in blithe snatches from the harvest-field behind the long belt of firs, when each tree of the sylvan screen which lined the gorge, in dark green, russet brown, red, and saffron, could tell its family lineage; and when, at sunset, the woods were all aflame. This Scottish scene is one of those which do not require the touch of circumstance to keep it fresh in one's mind; notwithstanding the recent perusal of that fascinating Journal of the great Wizard, with the publication of which the world has just been enriched, had led us back to the grey battlements of Craignethan Castle, the "Tillietudlem" which Scott has made immortal in "Old Mortality." With the renewed memory came the resolve to see the stern old keep and its romantic surroundings under the aspect of a winter sky; and on a clear, crisp day, having the thin ice-pools crackling under our tread, and when we could hear the caving of the rocks, filtered through half a league of pure air, we accomplished the journey, and not without having our reward.

Halfway between Hamilton and Lanark, and four miles north of the famous Falls of Clyde, on the old mail-coach highway, lies the lovely little village of Crossford, past which murmurs the Clyde in clear, pebbly shallows. The village is compassed by one little street. The cottages, covered with brown thatch, interlaced with the delicate fretwork of the



green moss and the golden stonecrop, are mostly old—some of them old enough to have heard Balfour of Burleigh ride past, with his horsemen—

Humming a surly hymn.

At the north end of the village is the smithy, with the gossips at its door, and the merry chime of the anvil falling on the ear. Farther on is the carpenter's shop, under the now leafless elder-trees. And here, before us, is a shop-window which would have delighted Rembrandt's heart. What a representative *ensemble*! Thread, needles, snuff, loaves, muffins, blacking, butter and buttons, cheese and tobacco, in appalling proximity to each other! There are elephants, too, cast in gingerbread—oh! those delightful windows, which bring us back to child-life again!—and other strange animals, awful to look upon, like the beasts of the Apocalypse.

But let us attack the glen. Here are the rugged, picturesque towers of "Tillietudlem," which the great Wizard, by his romantic glamour, has so successfully peopled with real flesh-and-blood characters. We look wistfully around, wondering whether we may not yet hear the distant canter of the troopers' horses, or the rattle of their scabbards. We seem to catch the sound of Cuddie Headrigg's laugh up the glen yonder; or the wrathful protest of Mause, his mother, as she "testifies" with the accuracy of chapter and verse.

This castle is one of the many, both in England and Scotland, that is worthy of not only a passing glance but enduring remembrance. The structure and lands were granted to Sir James Hamilton of Fyningart, natural son of James, second Lord Hamilton and first Earl of Arran, 1538, who, about that time, besides being cupbearer to King James V., also held the office of Steward of the Royal Household, and Superintendent of Royal Palaces and Castles.

And now, as we gaze from the battlements down into the courtyard, and far over the undulating landscape to the range of snow-crowned hills in the distance, there rise before us all the scenes of that picturesque drama of Scott's, and we live them all again in the present hour. We see in fancy, here, the Lady Margaret, in her sweetness of personality, and her heroic touch with the outer world. We see Graham of Claverhouse ride up with his dragoons to the drawbridge there, a strange haunting look in his keen grey eyes. Does the cynical, matter-of-fact personality on this strange planet of ours say in our hearing that this is all romance? We reply that it is sterling truth—poetic, if you will, but all the more beautiful and final thereby. There is glorious teaching in hundreds of our castles in England and Scotland—teaching for the seeing eye and the understanding heart. The rough, grey ruins, with their ivied walls, speak to us with the power of an epic whose lesson we well may read.

Mr. W. H. Smith, replying to a deputation who protested against Mr. Lawson's motion for opening museums on Sunday, said that, as far as he was concerned, he would oppose the motion to the utmost of his power.

The Duke of Fife, presiding on March 18 at the dinner of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, held at the Hôtel Métropole, said that in days gone by, when the sick poor were huddled together in the poorhouses, the position of the sick child was sad indeed. It was only forty years ago that this hospital was established, and to show the way in which it was appreciated he might mention that the average number of patients annually treated within its walls was now about 60,000. Of these the inpatients numbered about 1060, and the average number of new out-patients was 6371, while the grand total of patients treated during the existence of the hospital was 520,000. He had now to appeal to the public for funds to enable them to complete the new wing, which would enable them to carry on the good work upon a more extended scale. Later in the evening, subscriptions amounting to £4360 were announced.



1. Going to the Meet.

2. The Meet at Epping.

3. Laying on the hounds.

4. Epping Thicks, waiting for the draw.

5. Hard pressed.

6. Puss takes to the water at Theydon.

7. The kill.

8. The Master, H. Vigne, Esq.

WITH MR. VIGNE'S HARRIERS IN EPPING FOREST.



sixty Sisters, of whom half are "professed" and the rest in various stages of their novitiate. These minister to the wants—bodily, mental, spiritual—of two hundred and fifty children, some of whom are incurable invalids who will pass all their lives at Nazareth; and of over two hundred—perhaps two hundred and thirty—old people, who find here a peaceful and, as far as may be, a happy asylum. For these old people there are no religious distinctions. The Little Sisters are Catholics, but their aged pensioners may be Protestant, Jew, Mohammedan, or what they will; and so may the children until they have reached the age at which, if they are Catholics, they attend their first Communion—after which time the Sisters, justifiably enough, do not wish to take the responsibility of their moral training unless to them is entrusted their training in religion too.

And the great soup-kitchen is absolutely free. Hundreds of men and women from all parts of London wait at the gates of Nazareth for the welcome food—nineteen hundred people in a day have broken bread at this house of charity—and not a single question is asked of them. There is, indeed, only one rule, or regulation—that the soup

shall be given away before mid-day, so that men who are actually in work shall not be able to come for food which is meant for the starving. Men, it is noted, come in much greater numbers than women for this help, perhaps

merely because they are better walkers—they tramp for miles, in fact, across London, for the dole which is given beneath the great figure of Christ on His Cross. But it is by "The Quest" that many of us are most likely to know of the Little Sisters and their work. Everyone must have seen them going on their mission of alms-begging, two by two, knocking at doors in genteel streets, and too often, one may fear, turned away empty; and most people must know the van which makes its daily round to the houses of the charitable to receive their gifts. This constant crying of "Give! Give!" must be one of the most irksome duties—at first, at all events—to many sensitive ladies who have taken the vows of Sisterhood.

But the shirking of disagreeables, even of hardships, is not encouraged at Nazareth House. There are no lay sisters, and almost the whole of the work is done by the nuns. In the kitchen you may see ladies at work preparing the food of the little ones upstairs, and epicures will be impressed by the fact that special care in cookery is enjoined by the founder of the order—mention is even made of it in the prayers. In the linen room the nuns mend and make; in the dispensary they carefully prepare the medicines; in the laundry they do the washing. Each sister in her turn is portress at the great gate in the Hammersmith Road. Each in her turn watches all night in the wards—though this labour earns her no repose from the duties of the following day; a regulation which cannot but strike the lay mind as an exceedingly unwise one.

But it must be remembered no one can enter the Sisterhood without the fullest knowledge

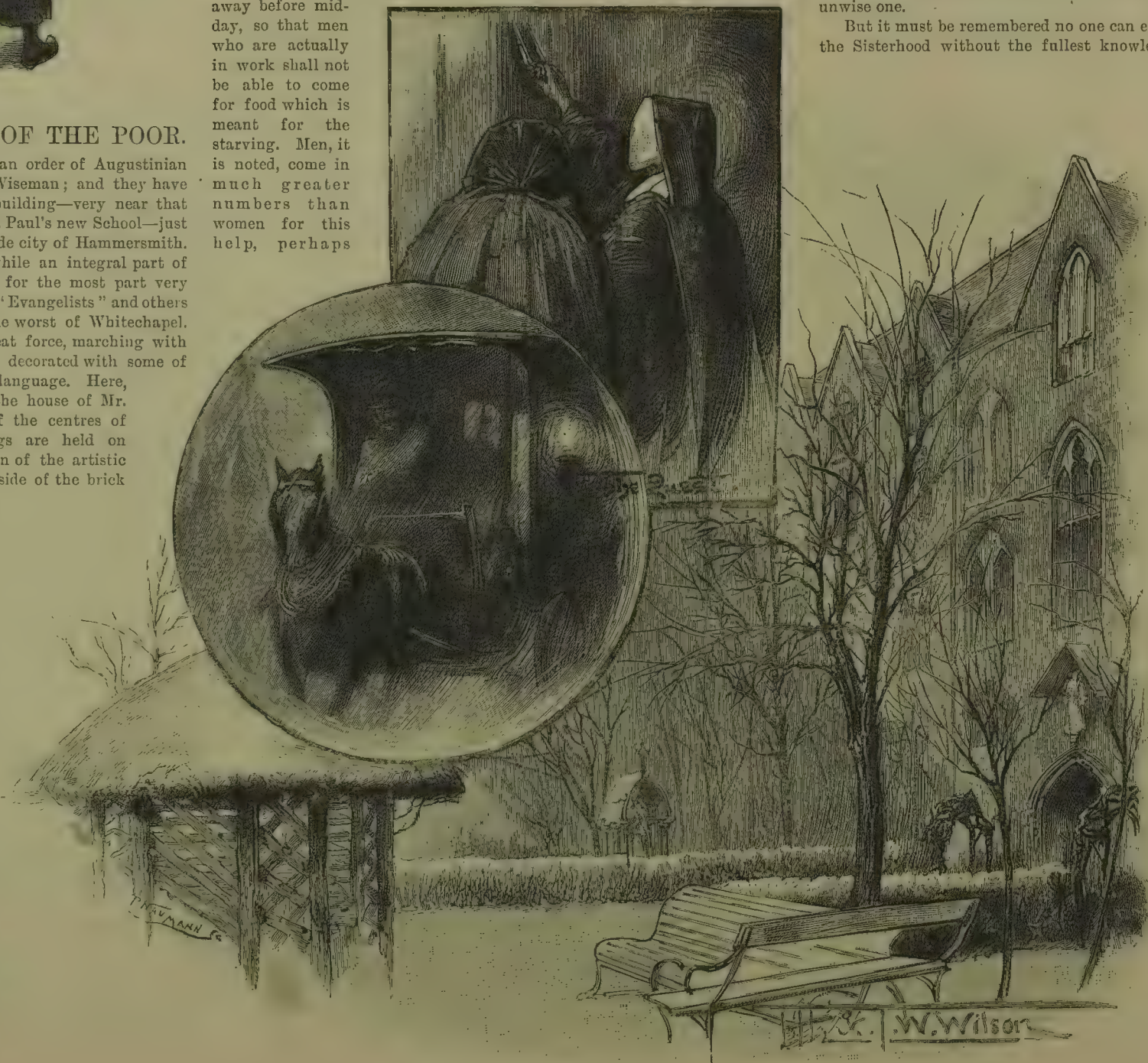
THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

"The Little Sisters of the Poor" are an order of Augustinian nuns, founded by the late Cardinal Wiseman; and they have their headquarters in a great red building—very near that greater and much redder building, St. Paul's new School—just on the western confines of the riverside city of Hammersmith.

Hammersmith, now for a long while an integral part of London, is a vast, busy, shabby, and for the most part very poor place, whose slums are said (by "Evangelists" and others who work in them) to be as bad as the worst of Whitechapel. Here the Salvation Army are in great force, marching with drums and revelry from their chapel decorated with some of the strongest words in the English language. Here, in a curious little hall adjoining the house of Mr. William Morris, the poet, is one of the centres of London Socialism, where gatherings are held on Sundays which give little suggestion of the artistic refinement which obtains the other side of the brick wall; and at Hammersmith Bridge-foot is a kind of Socialistic service every Sunday morning. Here is, in fact, every sign of distress and discontent, and of efforts well or ill judged, but at least always well meaning, to relieve them.

Unless all private charity is a mistake—unless it is the duty of the State to put us all beyond the possibility of need—it must surely be hard to find fault with the aim or the methods of the Little Sisters who help all comers to Nazareth House in Hammersmith. The need for their help, the public belief in the good that they do, is shown in the way that their Home has increased, and in the offshoots it has put forth. Besides the vast building in the Hammersmith Road, not long ago much enlarged, there are branch houses as far north as Aberdeen, as far east as Southend, as far west as Cardiff—or, indeed, Belfast—and as far south as Southsea; and, yet farther afield, in Cape Town and Ballarat.

At headquarters there are now





NAZARETH HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

of what she is undertaking. The vows first taken—after due probation—are only for three years; at the end of these three they can only be renewed for three more; so that the final vows, for life, cannot be taken until the Sister has tested the strength of her resolution by six years of service.

The whole work of the Little Sisters is organised and managed by women—the Reverend Mother, who is their chief, the Mother General, Mother Visitation, and so forth. And the day's work of all these women begins at five—indeed, in winter



the Sisters must rise at half past four to set on the cauldrons for the soup-boiling—but hard work does not seem to lower their spirits. If you go in by the heavy gate with its grille, deep-set in the long bare wall, a cheery Sister welcomes you, and leads you along a sheltered path to the great red house—a cross between a college, a factory, and a workhouse—in one of whose outstanding wings is the convent, while in the other, on successive storeys, are the children's schoolroom, the ward for the incurables, and the nursery for the smallest of all—with, at the end of a long passage on this upper floor, one of the great bedrooms in which perhaps fifty of these children sleep; very clean, very bright, with the fresh wind blowing through it in the daytime.

Now, the convent is a sacred place into which no males, except such privileged beings as gasmen and plumbers, may be supposed to penetrate; but in all the rest of the house—those children's rooms and the pleasant abodes of the old folks—the cheeriness that welcomed you is continued. The poor "old ladies," some of them bedridden in the infirmary, enjoy almost as much as their afternoon cup of tea their chat with the bright-faced Sister who brings it; the old comrades among the men, who fight their battles o'er again, sometimes too vigorously, are hushed and good-natured in a moment at the sound of the Sister's voice.

And in the children's rooms there are not only gentleness and sweet consideration: there is plenty of fun, and much of the music that children love. In the school-room—picturesque in its plainness, with bare red-brick walls, and maps hanging up, and large light windows—at the word of the black-robed Sister, the hollow squares of children will strike up some such simple Christy Minstrel kind of song as "Sweet chiming bells," which they sing in harmony, beginning in a shy, half-coy fashion, and singing loudest in the ranks farthest from the visitor, when one is present—the front rank almost altogether silent from shyness. The little ones are dressed quite prettily, in plain clothes, all with greyish pinafores, but by no means in uniform; they look happy and well cared for; and, in the nursery above, the entrance of the Sister and a visitor is the signal for a rush of tiny people, of whom the boldest will cling confidently to the visitor's trousers.

This nursery is the abode of the children under seven, who run and roll and scramble about on the floor, a delightful and disorderly crew. The room is high up, and light and bright enough; the larger room below, with sunnier aspect, has been rightly reserved for the incurables. It even seemed, on the day of our visit, that the air of this upper chamber was less fresh than that of those below, but this is perhaps unavoidable in the nursery of many tiny children.

Among these little ones, brought in from courts and alleys by the Thames, there are, of course, many pale faces, many thin and stunted forms; but a good number are rosy and fat enough, and plenty are full of mirth and life. They seem to be trained on the best of all systems—the system of unwearied love and thoughtfulness; and in the Sister's



And it is very pleasant to see in the nursery, in the ward for incurables, and in the quarters of the old people, how the world without does not forget to minister to the gaiety of these its pensioners. There is good provision of toys, especially, for the little ones; and the array of dolls' houses, so large that they might almost be called mansions and let off in flats, would make many well-to-do children envious. Everyone gives presents to the Little Sisters, and the Little Sisters give all their presents to the poor. Even of the food that comes to them they reserve for their own share little more than the broken victuals—all luxuries are set aside strictly for their invalids and their old people.

And, seeing these old folks, noting their cheery, sociable life, and the unfailing courtesy and kindness with which they are treated, one thought comes up again and again: Why is there all this difference between this true Home at Nazareth and an ordinary workhouse? Why should there be, why need there be, any substantial difference at all? And the only possible answer is, "There is no need whatever. Every workhouse in the land should be, and might be, what this is." Of course, there must be one reservation. It would not do to have the pauper fed on game, while the officials contented themselves with workhouse fare.

On the first floor is the ward for incurables—"the saddest part of our work," said a Sister; though indeed it is the part which does most for the happiness of the most helpless. Here, in a high well-lighted room, with many toys and pictures, little cripples and even hopeless idiots spend their lives in sweet, pure air, amid constant kindness and cheerfulness, and with all the little movement of their social life going on round them. Children sit or lie on the floor—some of them, poor little



voice—especially when she speaks to those most helpless grown-up children below—there is an inexpressible sweetness. (Is it too personal a detail to note that—as in many English convents—more than a few of the Sisters speak with that sweetest of all accents, a delicate echo of the Dublin tongue?)

One thinks of it as sad that children should be brought up without a mother's care; but, indeed, there is a motherliness about these gentle nuns that many little ones have never known—even in homes less horrible than those of Hammersmith back alleys, where oaths and blows, foul air and drink make up the greater part of many children's lives. The training at Nazareth House is, one may safely say, an immense gain to very nearly all the children here gathered together from single rooms, "tenement houses," back parlours of tiny shops. And the little girls are carefully brought up for service, placed out, and constantly watched over by those who know them, and have learned to feel a real care and responsibility for their futures.

One great part of the gain to these children is the exchange of their old playground, the street, for one that is large, safe, and well ordered; where they can rush and race about without fear of butchers' carts, or drunken men, or the half-grown bullies who are the chiefest terror of London childhood. There is a garden, too, with a little summer-house; and just by is the great cricket-ground of St. Paul's School, whose games are watched with the keenest interest by the critics, old and young, of Nazareth.

things! because they cannot rise—their elders stand or sit at work; in a cot in the corner is a child-invalid with some spinal complaint, near the door three helpless faces for ever smile and nod; but all are friends, all are known and kind—and the Little Sisters the best-known and kindest friends of all.



However, we will not repine, even if there be no spring holiday this time. There are comforting reflections, when one begins to seek for them. After going forth there must be returning; and they are very bad, those rambles for a last look here and a farewell there; and the packing up again; and the run to town in the train, with field after field flitting by, till the remaining fields are such as the brickmaker cultivates and then—then the rush through those miles of squallid back-yard that skirt the road, stripping you of the very memories of the peace and loveliness you leave behind. It is better as it is, perhaps; and I've got my bow-pots; and wallflower is a penny a bunch, or very soon will be; and I see the buds of great old pear-tree glistening, and soon the Spring will look in at my window from among its branches, white with bloom.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS FENWICK-MILLER.

When Easter comes, it is right and proper to think about spring clothing, although in our variable climate it is possible to have cold weather, bitterly bleak, long after the date at which Easter comes this year. However, the great shops are displaying all sorts of novelties in those two portions of attire, bonnets and mantles, which in fashion are like the snowdrops of spring—the harbingers of warmer weather before it fairly comes to brighten up the earth's aspect.

There are some curious shapes shown in hats. For instance, there is one the brim of which comes to a point in the extreme front, and slopes wider towards the back, so that it forms, in fact, a triangle, with the broad part over the back of the head. This hat is of crinoline straw, trimmed all over the crown with a flat bouquet of auriculas exactly following the shape. Another quaint confection is brimless on the left side, the flat plateau of the crown continuing a little way beyond the head; but on the right side a very high brim suddenly starts out and up, in shape not unlike a donkey's ear. This specimen was a hat of black-and-gold straw interwoven, the trimming being green velvet and pansies.

Really ladylike headgear is far less startling. Its general characteristic is that the trimming mostly remains at the back of the crown, and that the crown and brim are all in one, plateau fashion, or very slightly distinguished from each other. Feathers and the ever-useful osprey are often used for the trimming, but equally so are ribbon-bows and flowers, and, of course, every week blossoms will seem more natural and will become more popular. For some seasons past milliners have chosen to hold that flowers on chapeaux should be only those in season at that time of year. This idea seems to be declining, for already daisies, cornflowers, and roses are seen—all those flowers, indeed, which lend themselves to the idea of sloping round the brim or across the crown, and yet rising rampant up at the back. Many stylish bonnets have also a slightly raised piece of trimming at the exact front, so as to come over the brow—a tiny feather, a loop or two of ribbon, a small cluster of flowers, or a butterfly-bow of black lace—the same sort of trimming as appears at the back, only kept very much lower in the front.

All colours are made in bonnets to match the dresses worn, but a curious light-violet blue is being a good deal made up. Some purple lilac is much of that shade, and this flower is usually chosen for trimming with velvet of the tint mentioned. But quite a special feature of spring fashion is the quantity of gold tinsel used to make or trim bonnets. Combined with black velvet, gold is at once smart and ladylike. But, unfortunately, it soon grows vulgarised by being cheaply copied after it is introduced in good material; so my readers who wish for a black-and-gold bonnet must make haste to get it.

As to the mantles, the principal wear of the spring will be short capes—always supposing that they too are saved from the fate, which destroys them for true "style," of being copied profusely in common, cheap material. These capes are circular and three-quarter length, fitted in to the back and the high shoulders, but for the rest hanging at liberty. Two or three pleats arranged cleverly at the back of the shoulders give an appearance as of a sleeve put in, but, in fact, there is no division—the cape is circular. There is just lately a sudden breaking forth of a

peculiar trimming all over such capes, of flat jet plaques, sewn on singly. Some are as large as a farthing, some much smaller, and they are applied in the most various ways. In some cases the top or yoke piece is covered with them; or they may be put on the whole of the rest of the cape below the shoulders, or as a slope following the shape from the collar into the waist. The glittering little plates of jet appear not only on black mantles; but are even more *chic* on red, or gendarme, or even heliotrope cloth capes.

There is no class of workers, I should think, more unmercifully "sweated" than the trained nurses. The charge made for their services by the agents is from two to three guineas a week, the patient paying in addition for the nurse's travelling, full board, and washing. Thus the "Institution," as most of the agencies call themselves, receives a clear yearly payment of from £110 to £160 for each nurse, supposing her to be in constant work. This, however, is not quite the case; on an average, I believe, a nurse in connection with such an agency will be disengaged about one month out of the twelve, in a series of breaks of a few days each between cases. During this time she has board and lodging at the expense of the "Institution," the value of which may be four or five pounds. Deducting this and the salary for those weeks from the total, the "Institution" clears by each nurse from £90 to £150 per annum; and out of that the nurse herself only receives from £25 to £30 for wages. This is outrageous sweating.

An association of nurses has lately been formed on a co-operative basis to try to redress this injustice: the nurses are to have all that they earn, less a payment to a boarding-house while out of work and a small commission for general expenses. If this should succeed it will open a way for nurses at large to redress their position, and may also lead to what is really greatly wanted—a reduction in the cost of trained nurses to patients of middle-class means. The present charge is really prohibitory to a good many people, when it has to be added to all the other expenses of an illness; and in poorer middle-class families invalids are nursed by inexperienced servants or by a mother or daughter quite unfit to bear the strain and additional exertion, simply because a trained nurse cannot be afforded at "Institution" prices—while double what the nurse really receives back for herself from the cormorant "Institution's" maw could and would be gladly paid for her assistance. Doctors, in a rough-and-ready fashion, do apportion their charges to the apparent means of their patients. But for a trained nurse the dweller in a suburban villa at sixty pounds rent has to meet an equal charge to that levied on the duke in Berkeley Square or the millionaire in Piccadilly. Perhaps co-operation among nurses may remedy this difficulty, and at the same time pay the actual labourers more liberally.

It was with joy and gratitude that I read the decision of the Court of Appeal in the Jackson case, and that I know that it is henceforth the common law of England that "no subject has the right to imprison another subject," even though the one be the husband of the other. I am, perhaps, more rejoiced at this decision than most women will see reason to be, simply because I know better than most that it is practically epoch-making—in plain words, is not in accordance with the old common law of England. "Common law" is that which is made by practice, precedent, and judges' decisions. The first two judges before whom the Jackson case came—Justices Cave and Jeune—had no hesitation in saying that, under the common law, a man had a perfect right to take and keep by force the person of his wife, and

control her actions at every hour. That the High Court of Appeal has unanimously reversed this dictum, and has pronounced that a man may not apply a personal *lettre de cachet* to his wife, is a token of the infinitely more free and happy position which women enjoy to-day than that which they held in olden times. But the fact is that the ancient law of "coverture" is just one of those things which exist precisely so long as nobody tries to put them in force, but that are so out of harmony with modern ideas and practices that the moment they are enforced they are abolished, as a rope the strands of which are worn breaks when a weight is entrusted to its strength. No woman happily married and enjoying full freedom should be indifferent to this decision, which is practically the "Habeas Corpus Act" of married women; for "they are slaves most base whose love of right is for themselves and not for all their race."

THE RIGHTS OF HUSBANDS.

The Court of Appeal has struck a blow at matrimony by its judgment in the Jackson case. Mr. Jackson carried off his wife by force because she declined to live with him, in spite of a decree for the restitution of conjugal rights. The husband was obliged to go to the Antipodes immediately after his marriage, and during his absence Mrs. Jackson made up her mind never to recognise his authority. This decision has been confirmed by the Court of Appeal; and nobody, of course, is anxious to see a wife coerced into living with her husband against her will. But there are some other considerations.

It is a common complaint among ladies that bachelors are on the increase, and that the selfishness of man inclines him more and more to live alone. But now he can justify this disposition with a substantial reason. What guarantee has he that, if he should marry, his wife will consent to live with him? At all events, if she does not—if, during his absence in China or Peru on urgent business, she decides to have no more to do with him, he has no redress. He must not abduct her, for that is brutal. He must not try to persuade her, for she may refuse to see him. He may pay a morning call, only to be met with an uncompromising "Not at home!" Nay, if he persists in calling, the Lord Chancellor and Lord Esher may decide that this is unwarrantable molestation of the lady, and order him to prison. What is he to do? He cannot marry again, for, according to our beautifully consistent law, he is still the lady's husband. She still bears his name, and he is still responsible for her debts. He cannot, apparently, get a divorce, and, if he wishes to be free, he must do something discreditable, which would enable his wife to divorce him. But, even in that event, she might be so completely indifferent to his existence as to take no steps to dissolve the marriage. Moreover, the reasons why she refuses to live with him have been disclosed only to two judges in a private room, and nobody but those judges and her relatives has the ghost of a notion what these reasons are. Mrs. Jackson was not cross-examined like an ordinary person in open court, but she simply signified her will to the judges, and at once they bowed before her as if she were an arbitrary monarch. These remarkable circumstances are no doubt being pondered by many bachelors, together with various symptoms of imperious temper which they have observed in the ladies of their acquaintance. So, if the marriage market is a little "flat" for some time to come, women will have to trace this depression to the story of Mrs. Jackson.

THE MANUFACTURING

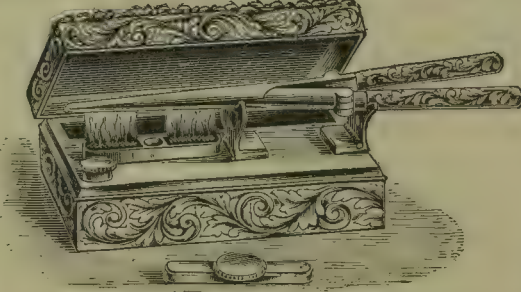
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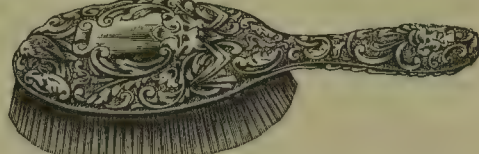
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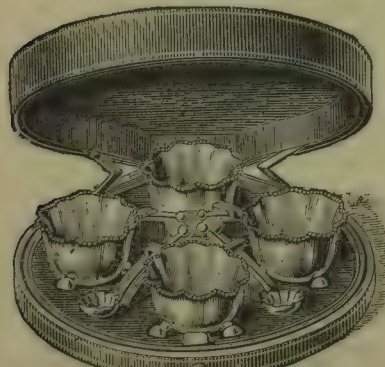
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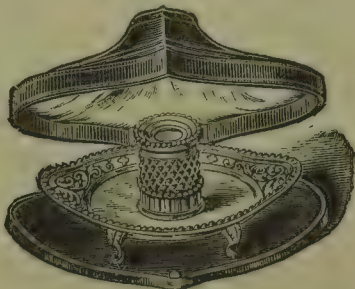
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"A CITY MAN."

"J. C. Eno, October 1890."

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1880) of Lady Sarah Elizabeth Lindsay, widow of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir James Lindsay, K.C.M.G., late of 25, Portman Square, who died on Dec. 16, at Brighton, was proved on March 7 by Charles Seymour Grenfell, Joseph John Morgan, and Lieutenant-Colonel William Julius Gascoigne, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6592. The testatrix gives complimentary legacies of £50 to each of her executors; and she appoints £10,000, her marriage portion under settlement, and the £10,000 left to her by her mother, Anne, Dowager Countess of Mexborough, to her three daughters, Maud Isabel Lindsay, Mabel Ramsden, and Mary Lydia Antrobus. The residue of her property she leaves to her eldest daughter, Maud Isabel.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1889) of Dame Dorathea Burrell, widow of Sir Walter Wyndham Burrell, Bart., late of Ockenden House, Cuckfield, Sussex, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on March 11 by Robert Merrik Raymond Burrell, the son, and Ernest Baggallay, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £11,000. The testatrix authorises her executors to expend £100 in defraying the cost of an east window for West Grinstead parish church; and she bequeaths £100 to the vicar and churchwardens of Cuckfield, to be applied in five annual instalments, in aid of the Cuckfield Curates Fund; £3500 to her son Robert Merrik Raymond Burrell; and legacies to children, grandchildren, and others. The residue of her property she gives to her said son and her daughters, Mrs. Palli, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Baggallay, and Mrs. Strange.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1880), with eight codicils (dated Jan. 3, 1883; March 17 and Oct. 28, 1884; June 13, 1885; June 22, 1886; Feb. 23 and Sept. 24, 1887; and Jan. 23, 1888), of Mr. Charles Ramsden, D.L., late of 48, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on Feb. 11, was proved on March 16 by John Charles Francis Ramsden and the Hon. Alan Joseph Pennington, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £265,000. The testator bequeaths numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He appoints, under a settlement and under the will of his father, Sir John Ramsden, £56,000 New Threes and £25,000 Consols, and leaves the residue of his estate, both real and personal, equally between his nephews and nieces, John Charles Francis Ramsden, the Hon. Alan Joseph Pennington, Charlotte Louisa Horsman, Louisa Elizabeth Ramsden, Selina Frances Ramsden, Isabella Anne Oliver, Florence Mary Annabella Barton, the Hon. Louisa Theodosia Drummond, William John Freschville Ramsden, and Charles William Paulet. By

the fifth codicil the testator states that his niece the Hon. Mrs. Drummond has died, and he directs her share to be divided between her children.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1888), with three codicils (dated Jan. 27, Feb. 28, and March 13 of the same year), of Mrs. Maria Thompson, late of Kirkhouse, has been proved at the Carlisle District Registry by Charles Lacy Thompson, the grandson, and John Hewetson Brown, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £136,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to each of her daughters Mrs. Jane Nichol and Mrs. Isabella Binning; £5000 between James Armstrong and Mary Wotherspoon, the children of her late daughter Mrs. Mary Armstrong; £5500 to her grandson John James Thompson; £5000 to each of her grandsons George Bell Thompson and Charles Henry Thompson; £2000, upon trust, for her daughter-in-law Mrs. Mary Anne Thompson, for life, and then for her granddaughter, Annie Maria Isabella Ommamey, and her children; a further £2000, upon trust, for her said granddaughter and her children; £20,000, upon trust, to pay £400 per annum to her daughter-in-law Mrs. Victoria Thompson, for life or widowhood, and, subject thereto, for her said daughter-in-law's children; and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves equally between her grandsons Charles Lacy Thompson, James Thompson, and Thomas Edmond Barker Thompson, the sons of her late son Thomas Charles Thompson.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1889) of Mr. Hamul William Denyer, late of Æsculus Villa, Hampton Road, Upper Teddington, who died on Feb. 7, was proved on March 13 by Alfred Denyer and Edward Denyer, the sons, and William Frederick Eve, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £59,000. The testator bequeaths £4000 to his son William Hamul, and there are numerous legacies to his other children, grandchildren, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son Alfred.

The will (dated June 18, 1887), with two codicils (one bearing the same date as the will, and the other Nov. 18, 1890), of Colonel Philip Stapleton Humberston, M.P. Chester 1859-65, D.L., J.P., formerly of Mollington, Banastre, Cheshire, and late of Glen-y-wern, Denbighshire, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on March 12 by George Falconer Pearson, Philip Pennant Pennant, and Robert St. John Corbet, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Chester General Infirmary; £250 to King's School in connection with the Cathedral Church of Chester; £100 to the Blue Boys' School (Chester); the piece of plate presented to him after the visit to Chester of the Agricultural Society in 1858 to the Mayor and Corporation of Chester, for the use of

his fellow-citizens, free of legacy duty; and, after the death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Edith Caroline Humberston, £500 towards the restoration of the parish church of St. George, near Kinnel, Denbighshire, if he has not given that amount in his lifetime; and £500, upon trust, for keeping in order condition the churchyard of Upton, near Chester; and numerous legacies to his own and his late wife's relatives, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his sisters and his nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1890), with two codicils (dated Nov. 10 and Dec. 4 following), of Mr. John Alexander Radcliffe, late of Ordsal, Cobham, Surrey, who died on Jan. 27, at 39, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, was proved on March 7 by Mrs. Fanny Johnson Radcliffe, the widow, and executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects and £1000 to his wife; and there are gifts to two of his sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; at her death or remarriage there are various legacies to children, and the ultimate residue is to go to his four sons.

The will (dated Sept. 24, 1890) of Captain Alexander Bain Chisholm, formerly of the 25th Regiment, late of Stratglass, Manor Road, West Worthing, Sussex, who died on Jan. 29, was proved on March 6 by Mrs. Mary Chisholm, the widow, the Rev. William Edward Dalton, and Rowland Ticehurst, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator bequeaths the cash in the house and on drawing account at his bankers to his wife, and his family and other plate, portraits, furniture and effects, to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his eldest son. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children or issue as she shall appoint. In default of appointment, three fifths are to be divided between his sons and two fifths between his daughters. Should he leave no children, then the ultimate residue is to be divided among the children of his sisters, Matilda Harriet Dalton and Eliza Webster Julia Kemphill, in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Benjamin Henry Walpole Way, late of Denham Place, Bucks, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on March 12 by Mrs. Eleanor Isabella Eliza Way, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000.

The will and two codicils of Admiral James Charles Prevost, late of 133, Ebury Street, Pimlico, who died on Jan. 28, was proved on March 12 by Colonel Henry John Thornton Hildyard, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3272.

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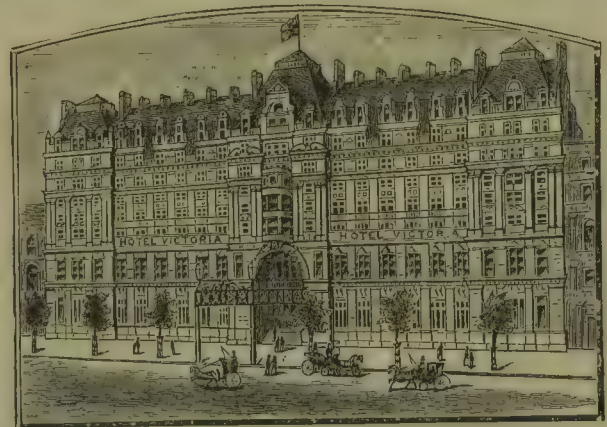
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 She who presides the household o'er,
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 With bright sweet face and white small hands,
 For there no stain e'er clings—
 No care is ever mistress there—
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Why should she not? The days are gone
 When cooks must rule the roast.
 The housewife reigns the kitchen o'er,
 Just where she's needed most.
 The Magic Extract tells the tale
 Of meals that never mar
 The soulful peace of home, and is
 The modern family jar.

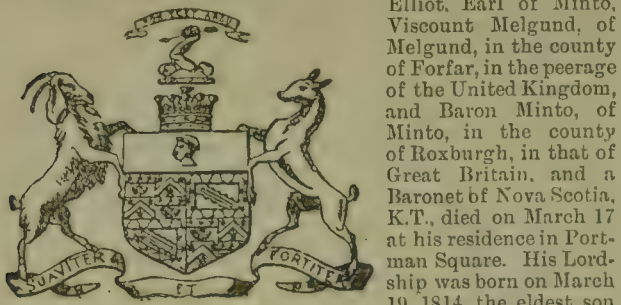
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 And to thy Company too,
 The home that has thy Extracts has
 The bliss no ancients knew!
 Peace reigns therein from early morn
 Until the midnight call;
 Each hour has Liebig in his praise,
 And crowns him king of all.

NEW YORK JUDGE.

OBITUARY.

EARL OF MINTO.

The Right Hon. Sir William Hugh Elliot Murray Kynmound



Elliot, Earl of Minto, Viscount Melgund, of Melgund, in the county of Forfar, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and Baron Minto, of Minto, in the county of Roxburgh, in that of Great Britain, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, K.T., died on March 17 at his residence in Portman Square. His Lordship was born on March 19, 1814, the eldest son of the second Earl of Minto, P.C., G.C.B., sometime Ambassador to Berlin, by Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Brydson of Lennel House, Berwickshire. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated. From 1837 to 1841 he represented Hythe, in the Liberal interest, but in the latter year he was an unsuccessful candidate for Rochester. He sat for Greenock 1847 to 1852, and from April 1857 to May 1859 for Clackmannan. The deceased nobleman was a Deputy Lieutenant for Roxburghshire, and, in 1857, was chairman of the Board of Survey Commissioners for Scotland. He married, May 20, 1844, Emma Eleanor Elizabeth, the only daughter and heiress of the late General Sir Thomas Hislop, Baronet,

G.C.B. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Gilbert John, Viscount Melgund, who was born July 9, 1845, and married July 28, 1883, Mary Caroline, daughter of the late General the Hon. Charles Grey, brother of the present Earl Grey, K.G., G.C.M.G. Viscount Melgund, now fourth Earl of Minto, served as a volunteer in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, for which he received a medal and the fourth class of the Medjidieh. He is Colonel Commanding the South of Scotland Volunteer Brigade, and a Deputy Lieutenant for Roxburgh.

DOWAGER COUNTESS OF RANFURLY.

The Right Honourable Harriet, Dowager Countess of Ranfurly, died on March 16, at 42, Thurloe Square, aged sixty-six. Her Ladyship was daughter of the late Mr. James Rimington of Broomhead Hall, Yorkshire, was married Oct. 10, 1848, to Thomas, third Earl of Ranfurly, and was left a widow May 20, 1858. Her only surviving son is the present Earl of Ranfurly, who was born in 1856, and married, in 1880, the only child of Lieutenant-Colonel James Alfred Caulfeild of Drumcarne, in the county of Tyrone.

GENERAL SIR JOHN ST. GEORGE, G.C.B.

General Sir John St. George, G.C.B., Colonel Commandant Royal Artillery, died on March 17, at his residence, 22, Cornwall Gardens. He was born Jan. 18, 1812, the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel John St. George of Woodside, Cheshire, by his wife, Frances, daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Campbell, M.D., of Stafford. Educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he entered the Royal Artillery as second lieutenant, May 1828; became captain, April 1841; lieutenant-colonel, February 1854; colonel, August 1857; major-general, September 1865; lieutenant-general, March 1873; and general, October 1877. From March 1855 he served in the Crimea,

and commanded the siege train at the fall of Sebastopol, for which he received the brevet of colonel, a medal with clasps, the Legion of Honour, the fourth class of the Medjidieh, and the Turkish medal. In 1884 he was appointed master gunner of St. James's Park, which he held up to his death. He was made a C.B. in 1855, a K.C.B. in 1869, and a G.C.B. in 1889. The General whose death we record married Aug. 15, 1860, Elizabeth Marianne, youngest daughter and coheir of the late Mr. Thomas Evans of Lyminster House, Sussex, and leaves, with other issue, a son, Baldwin John, Captain 4th Dragoon Guards, who was born in 1862.

SIR FRANCIS ROXBURGH.

Sir Francis Roxburgh, Q.C., County Court Judge, died on March 19, at his residence, 53, Westbourne Terrace, W. He was son of the late Mr. Francis Roxburgh, of Haddingtonshire, and was born in 1821. He was called to the Bar, Middle Temple, in 1845, became a member of Lincoln's Inn in 1849, and was nominated Queen's Counsel in 1866. In the latter year he was made bencher of the Middle Temple, and was treasurer of that Inn from 1882 to 1883. He was Judge of County Courts 33 since 1881, and a magistrate for Suffolk, and was Recorder of Aldeburgh from 1878 to 1885. The deceased gentleman received the honour of knighthood on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice in 1882. Sir Francis was twice married—first, in 1847, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Walker of Great Bromley Hall, Essex; and secondly, in 1888, to Eleanor, third daughter of Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C., Recorder of London, and lately M.P. for Marylebone; and leaves by the former, who died in 1876, an only son, Francis, who is a barrister of the Middle Temple and Assistant Judge of the Lord Mayor's Court.

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(Signed) "G. MACKENZIE, Colonel, Pomlay Army, Retd."

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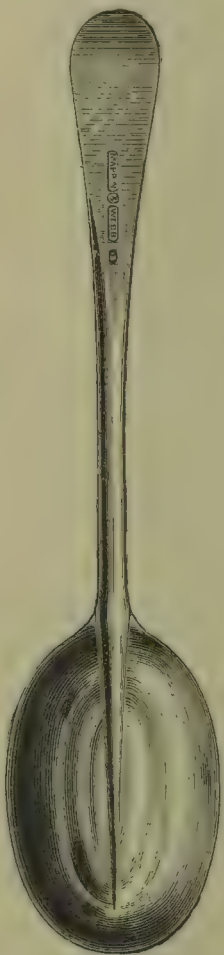
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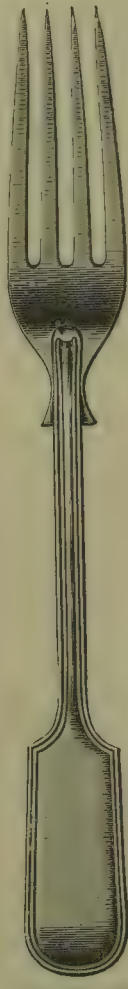
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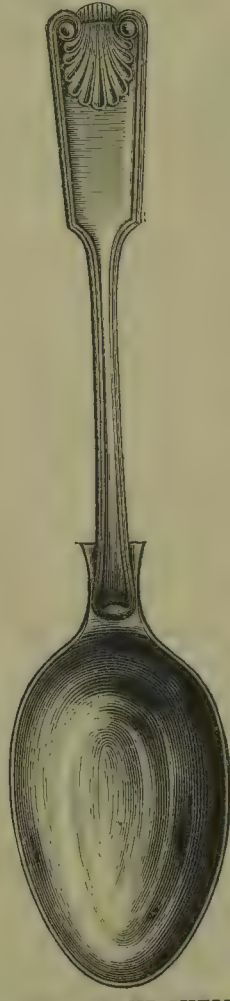
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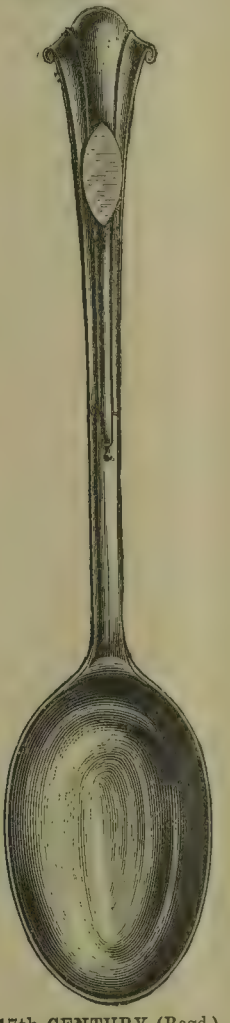
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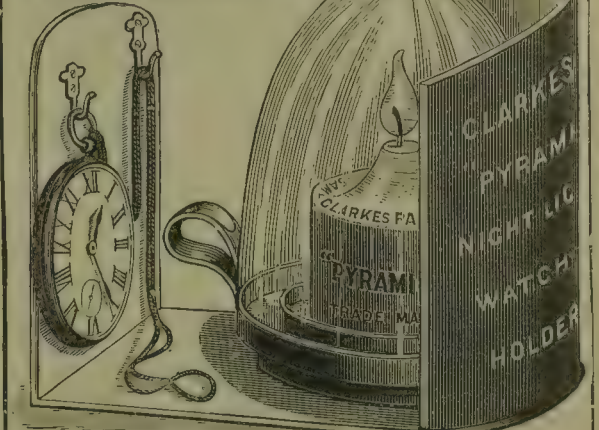
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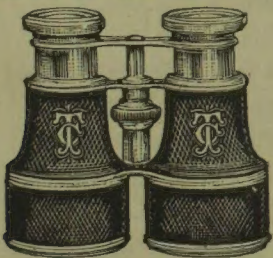
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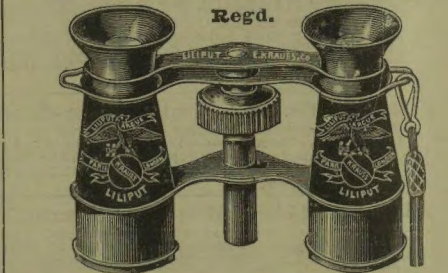
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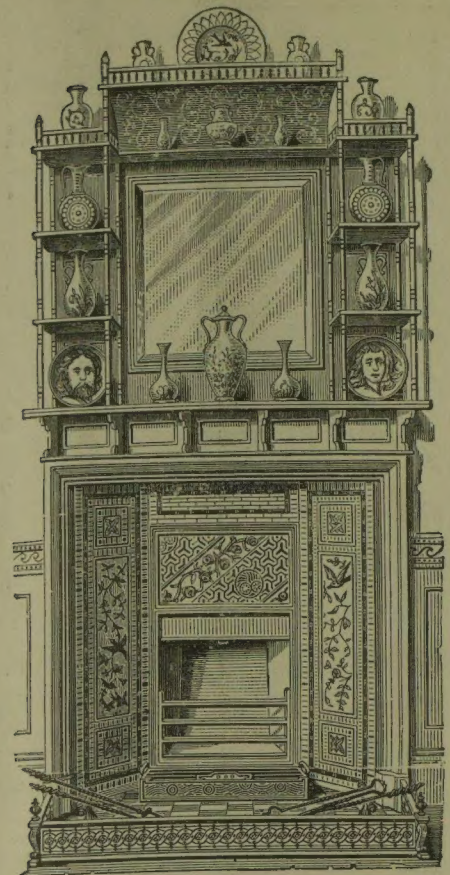
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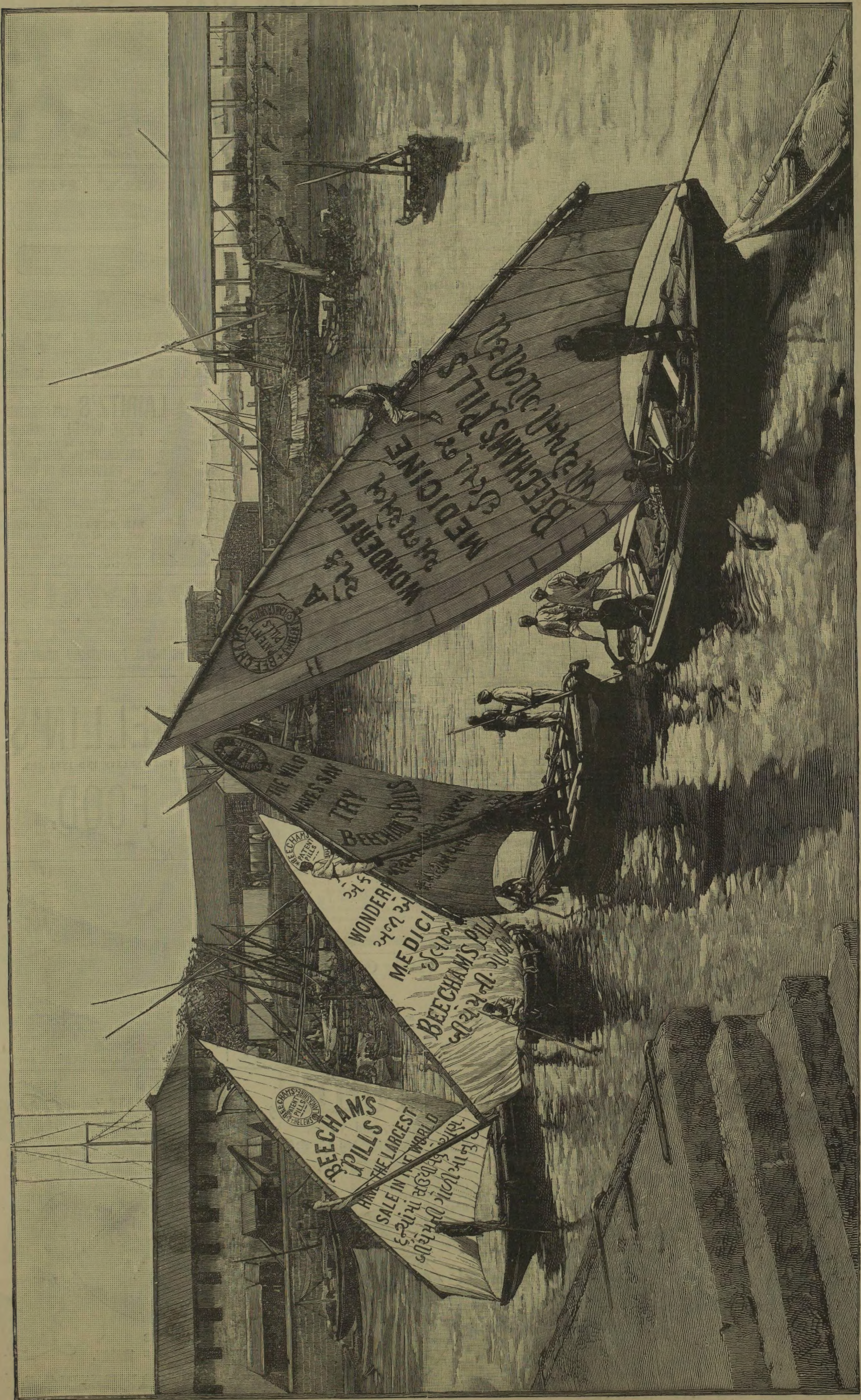
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The above picture is a reproduction of a photograph taken in Bombay Harbour just prior to the incident recorded, and may help to convince the most sceptical that Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any proprietary medicine in the World.